JOHN BULL

2½D

VOL. LXX 1844

TELL 'EM STRAIGHT! By The Editor

THIS TOMFOOL SEX QUIBBLE

WHAT RISKS CAN WE TAKE? By A.G.G.

HURRAH! A LONGER LIFE FOR ME-
USE OXYDOL
LATHER
WASH-TUB
TEAR"
Do you know that clothes actually wear out in the wash-tub? It's true—scientific tests prove that "wash-tub wear and tear" is actually *doubled* by rough washing methods. Rubbing and scrubbing with harsh soaps, or boiling with bleaching powders wears clothes out before their time. Cut down "wash-tub wear and tear" with Oxydol, because Oxydol's amazing lively lather removes *all* dirt with *absolute safety*. This means you can save enough precious clothes coupons for winter undies for all the family! . Prove this yourself. . Buy your first packet of Oxydol to-day.
REMEMBER- OXYDOL FOR LIVELY LATHER!
OXYDOL
XYDOL
You can buy Oxydol everywhere 1/- 7d. & 3½d.

but 'FAMILY HEALTH' comes first!

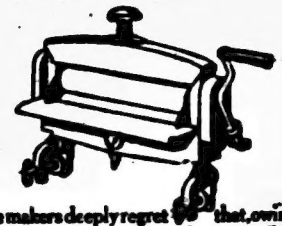
Ask a doctor about the danger from germs in dirt—he'll horrify you! And you'll be glad you have Family Health Soap's antiseptic lather to protect you and your family. Wash with it regularly—when you get up, when you go to bed, whenever you come in and before every meal. It's your surest safeguard against infection.

First Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

BURNS *Important thing is to keep air away from the burn. Immerse affected part in tepid water, then dress wound with strips of lint or gauze soaked in a solution of a dessertspoonful of baking soda in a pint of warm water*

KH 75-96-85 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

Washing without an Acme is like cooking without a stove



The makers deeply regret that, owing to wartime conditions, it may be impossible to renew the limited stocks of ACME Wringers at present available. Whenever peace is restored and conditions allow, ACMES will again be obtainable through all good Ironmongers, Hardware and Furnishing Stores.

WRINGER — MANGLE — CLEANSER — ALL IN ONE!

Still in the picture

Nowadays although you may not be able to get Selo Films quite as readily as in normal times, they are still available to the public. Selo Films, as you know, are unsurpassed for results — so they are worth hunting for!

And when Ilford Limited can again devote all its energies to your needs, British Made Selo films and other Ilford photographic products will once more be obtainable everywhere, and will be found, as before, the best in the world.

SELO *films*

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED, MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF SENSITISED PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, ILFORD, LONDON.

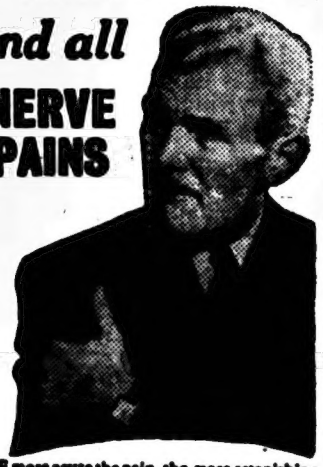
How many matches per pipe?

If we were all as clever at smoking our pipes as some men are, there would be less tobacco wasted. And so the available supplies of Four Square would go further. If you are not getting the best out of each pipe, if you are constantly relighting it or throwing away a wad of unsmoked 'dottle' you should study the Old Hand's hint printed on right.

An Old Hand's hint

Keep your tobacco in good condition, not too damp nor too dry. Fill from bottom of pouch, using smallest pieces to top the bowl and packing firmly but not too tight. Draw hard until the tobacco is well alight and then keep your pipe in your mouth and breathe out occasionally through the pipe as well as drawing in.

ALWAYS remember Phensic for NEURITIS and all NERVE PAINS

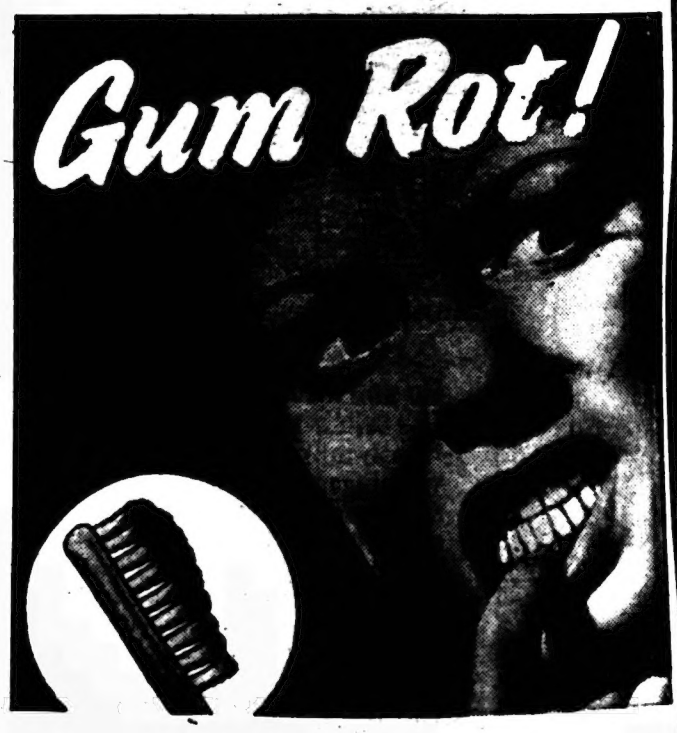


THE more acute the pain, the more astonishing your relief will be—if you take Phensic. This applies to all kinds of pain, nerve, joint, or muscular.
Two tablets of Phensic act quickly, thoroughly, safely. Get some Phensic now!

3½d., 6½d., 1/6, 3/3, 5/6.
(*Including Purchase Tax*).

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-SIK'



Brush Bloodstained?
danger for teeth

Take heed of this danger sign of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). Act now. Use Gibbs S.R., which contains Sodium Ricinoleate—the dentist's 99 treatment for gum troubles. Use it regularly for healthy gums and teeth.

7½d & 1/6

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTHPASTE

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 18, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

SERVICE

● More than 150,000 people have been added to Government staffs since war began. Every week more "temporaries" are engaged.

Yet quite a lot of established Civil Servants complain of having nothing to do.

In one Department the staff never worked later than 4.30 even in the long summer days. It has so little to do, apparently, that it is being given more days off than the Government has authorised.

As 700 men and women are employed in this office, the waste of labour is big enough to matter.

Clerks in other Departments tell us of inconceivable muddle and red tape. They say they are engaged in sending out masses of forms they cannot understand and which are not likely to be understood by the recipients.

But if the forms are wrongly filled up it doesn't matter. They go into the files unread!

Civil Servants are likely to send a deputation to the Prime Minister, so incensed are they by the waste of effort.

They will tell Mr. Churchill of a Department which is very short of work but which is still being enlarged!

Such absurdities are not uncommon. They are just part of the Civil Service.

Straight from the Shoulder

NOW OR NEVER

THERE is no need to cry "Wolf." The news is grim.

So grim is it that the people of Britain feel a new sense of urgency.

The Russians have their backs to the wall.

Life-and-Death

They are fighting not only with sublime sacrifices but with supreme skill.

By every means in our power we must see that they are able to continue fighting.

They need our help NOW. They will need it no less vitally in the future.

Biggest Battle

Can Timoshenko preserve his armies? Will his fierce counter-attacks save the day? Must Moscow fall?

Remember that the same questions were asked months ago. Timoshenko provided excellent answers.

Now, certainly, his task is greater. He is faced by the full force of Nazi might—the most mighty force ever assembled.

Action, Please!

We must do more than hope he will again push back the grey-clad hordes of tank-fodder.

We have a right to expect that the hundreds of 'planes promised to Russia are already in combat there. We must send still more.

Our Army should be making frequent and heavy raids elsewhere, even if invasion of Nazi Europe is still impracticable.

The Army—and the public—want action, not excuses.

Look Ahead

And we must look beyond Moscow. We must think of the needs of to-morrow as well as the crisis of to-day.

The terrific offensive now raging is the enemy's last effort on the Eastern Front before ice coats the roads.

But fighting will continue on a smaller scale in Russia throughout the winter. Moreover, the Nazi warlords plan big winter actions in kinder climates.

Winter Prospects

Have we made our winter plans? Some, no doubt.

We are ready for action in the Libyan deserts and—if necessary—on the Caucasian mountains.

Our Middle East Army is now 750,000 strong. It had only 100,000 men when it ploughed up the Italian Empire last winter.

Bomb Germany!

It must be kept highly equipped. Besides, we want a lot more bombers for our attacks on Germany.

We shall need vast numbers of guns and shells and ships for the Spring.

And all the time we must supply Russia.

Vast Losses

Even before the present offensive was unleashed against them, our allies required huge shipments.

They had lost more than 7,000 tanks—nearly two-thirds of their estimated strength. They had lost 5,316 aircraft—half their front-line strength—and 8,900 guns.

They have lost at least half of their production centres. Their demands upon us, both for the winter and the Spring, will be colossal.

Where's the Plan!

Thus we need a plan for Britain. A smooth, detailed, long-range plan for 100 per cent. production.

It must assure constant work for every available man and woman. It must keep every machine in constant operation.

There is no evidence that such a plan exists.

Poor Performance

It should have been the Government's trump card when the House of Commons debated man-power last week.

For other reasons, too, that debate was a feeble and flabby performance. The main issues of the subject were obscured by trivial criticisms.

Work-Starvation

Only one major point emerged—that, after two years of war, the Government is actually finding out what are our reserves of man-power!

No assurance was given that we are using our man-power to advantage. No denial that skilled men are being wasted in the Army. No guarantee that arms works will not be starved of trained artisans.

Above all, no hint of a Production Plan.

Smooth Supplies

We must make an end of the sudden spurts and idle patches that so many of our workers have experienced.

No more Tank Weeks! Let us have a Tank Winter instead.

And not only 100 per cent. output of tanks is wanted.

Let us have a high-pressure and *regular* production of 'planes, ships, shells, guns and bombs!

In the Dark

One managing director says that if he knew in advance what would be required of his factory he could dispense with 1,000 workers.

With the remaining 4,000 he could increase output by a half!

But he is not told in advance. Orders arrive in dribs and drabs—or in a spate.

Months' Delay

So you find one factory working overtime every day and another idle for weeks.

A letter signed by eleven munition girls—some of them soldiers' wives—has just reached us.

It informs us that output in their factory has been held up for months.

Idle Machines

Here is a letter from a man in a forge where 5½-in. shells are made.

He wrote to us months ago about idle machines, and we brought the matter to official notice. But he tells us that the machines are still idle.

And he adds bitterly. "The men say that Jerry should drop a bomb on the works."

Long Experiment

Here is a letter from another munition-maker: "This shell and bomb factory has been working for two years, but is still in the experimental stage.

"Men are walking about with nothing to do. Not four out of the 400 men and women here are satisfied."

Bad for Business

Yet in other factories there are terrific spurts and over-work.

Such frantic rushes are good neither for the war effort as a whole nor for the workers' health.

Sometimes they cause bad feeling.

They Went Home

Last week there was a strike in an aircraft factory.

The staff were ordered to work from 1 to 7.30 p.m. without even a ten-minute break for a cup of tea.

One decided to go home, as a protest, at the normal hour of 5.30. The rest followed his example.

Remedy

Only a planned production can eliminate these spurts and rushes that alternate with fumbling and absolute idleness.

JOHN BULL urges that peace-time industry must be concentrated still more, so to release more employees for war work.

But that, too, demands a production plan so that every man and woman should be assured of continuous and steady work.

Urgent

It is no longer just a question of necessity. It is a matter of imperative urgency.

All our chances of Victory depend, fundamentally, on our production.

The continued resistance of Russia is one of those chances.

Now or Never

Quickly, fiercely, we must use our Fighting Forces to help Russia.

Strike at the enemy now, not in 1943 or 1944! Strike while he is fully engaged, rather than wait until he has had time to redress his losses!

If we do not do so now, we may not get the chance in 1943 or 1944.

Increase our flow of munitions to a torrent!

Both of these courses are inseparable. Both are vital to our safety as well as to our success.

(Continued overleaf)

SENTENCED TO HARD LIVING

● Decent conditions for the workers is the aim both of Mr. Bevin and Lord Reith.

But some war contractors still bamboozle both Mr. Bevin and John Smith.

At one new camp-in-the-making the builders are charged 25s. a week for food and 5s. for accommodation.

The latter consists merely of sleeping huts.

There are no baths, no recreation room. In the evening the men crowd into the sleeping huts, which are too dark for them to read.

Food is insufficient. Dinner usually consists of bread and vegetables, though sometimes there is an ounce of meat, with a teacupful of watery rice or "custard" that the men cannot eat.

Breakfast consists of bread and a few beans or slice of beetroot. Tea is unsweetened.

No food is obtainable between tea and breakfast next morning. The men are beyond reach of any town.

We are sending details to Lord Reith. He will know how to deal with them. But we must also tell him that this case is by no means an isolated one.

Build decent canteens for the men who are building our new war centres!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WHITEHALL promises hot midday meals for all schoolchildren.

That's talk. Action will depend on whether more kitchen equipment is made available—and whether the Board of Education *compels* local authorities to provide the meals.

Our Advice

Only 300,000 youngsters are now getting school meals. That number should be ten times greater.

It won't be if Whitehall merely "advises" education authorities. We advise Whitehall to issue orders.

Any Old Iron!

Workers at a Welsh pit suggested that two men should be detailed to look for waste material about the colliery.

That job cost the management £11. It revealed old rails and other salvage worth £23,000.

We Need It

Well, a Glamorgan miner assures us that there are thousands of tons of waste iron lying underground.

So the authorities shouldn't confine their attention to park railings and those at Buckingham Palace.

Britain's need is so great that not a scrap of metal, paper or rag should be overlooked.

Nothing Doing

Yet a scoutmaster tells us that there is no collection at all in his area.

And when he asked a scrap merchant to take half a ton of iron and at least 12 cwt of paper that his boys had collected, the merchant explained that he wasn't allowed enough petrol to send his lorry out!

Don't Slack

On the other hand, salvage depots report a marked falling off in public efforts.

After a fine spurt a week or two ago, people are getting lazy and careless.

JOHN BULL is always warning the authorities that half-hearted measures cannot bring Victory. Householders must realise this, too.

No Excuse

Nothing should be burnt or thrown away.

It's only fair to add that, in many districts, so many collection depots have been established that there is no excuse for those who won't walk a few yards to deposit their salvage.

But we'd also like to see an official drive to collect the steel from bombed ruins in Bristol and other cities.

Pots and Pans

The Board of Trade is standardising saucepans; the sizes chosen are 3 pint, 5 pint and 6 pint.

But what folly to expect the housewife to boil an egg in a 3-pint saucepan! What a waste of metal and fuel!

Short of Smokes!

Here's more waste:

A barge unloaded bales of tobacco at a London wharf. The barge was so rotten that the tobacco was found to be spoiled by water.

Men had risked their lives to bring that load across the seas. Shouldn't that barge-master have his knuckles rapped by an official ruler?

Less Fish

Fishermen are being called up. At one Essex port a twenty-ton boat is laid up because the skipper has had to enlist. At another, twenty deck-hands have been taken from the sea to become policemen.

So fishermen will be scarcer—something that unfortunately doesn't happen to Government officials.

How Officialdom Works

Some of these officials don't twiddle their thumbs to amuse themselves. They just waste other people's time.

Man called-up was asked if he and his parents were British (their name is certainly British). He signed his papers, produced his identity card.

Four days later he received another batch of papers and was summoned for another interview.

That's All

He was asked: "Are you English or British?" He answered "English," and was told:

"Thanks, that's all we wanted to know."

This man lost two days' work—and he's an electrical welder working on Bren guns and gun tractors!

Long, Long Trail

Another man, medically rejected, was asked to train for war work. He agreed, filled up a form, and later wrote a reminder.

After seven weeks, he's still waiting.

Ex-Serviceman, aged fifty-five, has been waiting just as long.

He's Bored

Younger man, medically unfit, agreed to train as an engineer. At the end of the course, he and his fellows were asked to take a further course as motor mechanics to meet an urgent demand.

So they had another ten weeks' training, went on to a garage miles from home—and now are spending their days waiting for work to come in.

Foreigners Not Wanted

One last example: After six months' training as an instrument maker, a man was told by officialdom that he couldn't be given a job because he was a foreigner, and is now almost broken-hearted.

He was born in Scotland of Spanish parents, and his brother is serving in the British Army.

Distinction

You know that relatives of men in the Services can get vouchers from the W.V.S. to buy 24 oz. of knitting wool? Well, readers who have applied for them to knit "comforts" for their menfolk in the Merchant Navy have met with a stony refusal.

An inexcusable distinction! Men sailing the perilous Atlantic are surely as much in the fighting line as Aldershot cooks.

Gratitude

A worse pinprick is this affront to the bereaved: Sergeant pilot, recently reported missing, volunteered in September, 1939.

His cycle has been sent home, and his family have had to pay its carriage.

In accordance with regulations, we know. But it's time the Services were freed from such regulations.

Snail Post

Maybe air mail is now carried by flying snails. For a soldier's letter sent by air mail on July 9 from India has only just arrived here; a letter he sent by sea later arrived first.

Soldiers should not be mulcted of extra postage for slower deliveries.

The Misers

In several districts, old-age pensioners have had their supplementary allowances stopped because they are caring for evacuee children.

The miserly officials responsible are not shamed by neighbouring authorities who have a better sense of their duty.

But surely Whitehall should stop this "legislation in spots"?

Equal Sacrifice!

Indeed, there is far too much inequality in Britain.

At a munition-makers' conference last week, a fully skilled girl said she earned 39s. for a 52-hour week; another from the same district was earning 112s. for 47 hours on a boy's job.

And JOHN BULL could tell them of a war factory in a danger area where girls of fifteen get 11s. 11d. a week and are not allowed to seek other employment.

In Debt

Some N.C.O.s have lost their stripes because it was found that the regiment had too many of them. The reduction should have been made in July but has only just been carried out.

So the men are told that they have been overpaid since July and are now in debt to the Army!

This fantastic unfairness should be rectified by the War Office.

Late Post

Up at North Blyth, in Northumberland, only women wardens are on duty at night, the men being all at work.

A post is being built for them. It is separated from their sector by a forty-feet railway embankment and a lonely road; it was started last February and is still uncompleted!

That is just about the worst A.R.P. muddle ever brought to our notice.

Marching Backwards

Is Huntingdon a backward county in the treatment of child offenders? We ask because its joint standing committee wants to upset the law forbidding the publication of names of children brought to court.

But not even a joint standing committee will be allowed to put back the clock.

Paying the Piper

Now let us forget the parish pump and look overseas.

At least thirty Nazi divisions have left France. Yet the occupation expenses borne by France have not been reduced.

Presumably Hitler doesn't want the French to know that he is fully engaged in Russia.

Consolation

Then, in a talk from Radio Paris, a French Fascist asked Parisians not to grumble at having to queue for a handful of potatoes.

"Even if you are number 300 in the queue," he said, "remember that 300 German soldiers are killed every half hour on the Eastern front."

That should certainly console the people of Paris.

Behind the News

● **Medical men have warned Nazi-Fascist chiefs in Balkans and parts of Italy that, unless bubonic plague outbreaks can be controlled, an epidemic may devastate Axis countries.**

● *Nazi attempts to break the guerilla bands of south-east Europe have failed. Damage exceeds £20,000,000 and rebels are increasing in numbers. British officers and men escaping from Greece have joined them.*

● Reichsbank economists have been ordered to develop the combination of all Chambers of Commerce in occupied countries. Hitler intends to use them as a "prosperity platform" in his new order when he tries his next peace bluff.

● **Nazi generals asked for the brake on Heydrich killings. They feared that desperation might induce the Czechs to menace the rear of Nazi armies in Russia.**

● *Another row brewing between Army and Gestapo! Army complains that Himmler has enrolled 15 per cent. of German man-power in the secret police, refuses to release fit young men to make up Army wastages.*

● Anti-Nazi swing is moving fast in Latin America. Spanish propagandists subsidised by Berlin are returning home to report failure.

● **Pro-Axis "culture" missions there, despite lavish entertainments and free invitations, have attracted audiences of only a handful of people.**

● *B.B.C. propaganda in Italy has lately been reorganised, and is meeting with high success. Best reactions have been gained by stressing the need to bomb Milan so that foodstuffs could remain in Italy instead of being sent to Germany via northern junctions.*

● Trouble is noticeable in Vichy's 156,000 Civil Servants, many of whom have refused to take oath of loyalty to Marshal Pétain.

● **Growing social unrest in Spain may cause eruption soon. Housewives demonstrate against food shortage. Wives of Republican prisoners have rioted outside the prisons; police and guards have openly shown sympathy with them.**

● *Guerilla bands in the mountains have gained more men and weapons. Guerilla attacks on troops to gain their rifles have resulted in the troops just walking away, leaving their rifles on the ground, and reporting "defeat."*

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

TELL 'EM STRAIGHT!

FROM outrage to outrage, the Nazi Government is plunging ever deeper into the hatred and contempt of human society. It has committed acts of cruelty and treachery which are literally unforgivable.

By their support of Hitler and his ruffians, the people of Germany have made themselves accomplices in their crimes.

It is time to tell them so, and to tell them straight.

There has never been a better opportunity to bombard the enemy by radio and to launch a great propaganda offensive against the entire population of the Third Reich.

And JOHN BULL is glad to know that the Government, having established its new "G.H.Q., Political Warfare" has already opened fire with the right kind of artillery.

Four weeks ago we urged British broadcasters to name the Nazi criminals. Now some of the more infamous among them have been named, and we hope lesser scoundrels will be spot-lighted, one by one, in the same way.

For ordinary German men and women need to be told what their leaders have done and are doing. They need to be told that our war aims include the just punishment of the murderers and torturers, whom they—the German people—have put into power.

It is true that millions of Germans do not realise the full cruelty and treachery of their Nazi bosses; true, no doubt, that the women and children who waited in vain for the homecoming of their broken menfolk do not yet understand why the Mercy Ships never sailed.

But they must be *made* to realise and to understand. That is one of the main objects of political warfare.

Dr. Goebbels knows this and he is afraid. Just before Hitler's last speech he warned his countrymen that we were trying to stir up discord between them and their leaders.

He said: "To listen to the B.B.C. is not only criminal; it is unfair to the Fuehrer and his assistants. It causes nothing but worry and sleepless nights."

JOHN BULL can pay no higher tribute to the marked improvement in recent British propaganda.

From time to time JOHN BULL has had occasion to criticise weaknesses in the conduct of Britain's political warfare. We shall not hesitate to do so again if the need arises, but we are glad to recognise the notable improvements which have lately taken place.

THEREFORE, in no spirit of criticism, but solely to sustain and support our propaganda chiefs in their new attack, JOHN BULL wishes to point out certain objectives which deserve particular bombardment.

To begin with, let us profit from the fact that whereas we, free to listen as we please, are bored by "Haw-Haw" and his friends, there are many thousands of Germans who tune in to London at the risk of their lives.

Why? Because they believe there must be at least some truth in British bulletins, for, if there were not, why should the Nazis impose the death penalty upon all who listen to them?

Goebbels has always overlooked this inevitable psychological reaction to his own despotism.

He thought the lie a mighty weapon. Only now is he learning that truth is a mightier.

Very well, then; let us use truth for all it is worth.

Let us also face the truth that, in the mass, the German people have been solidly behind Hitler—and the military caste—hoping for early victory and the fruits of world dominion.

The more this prospect of ease and loot recedes; the more they begin to perceive the gigantic cost even of Hitler's power politics, the more they fear the alternative of defeat.

It is not a bit of use to tell the German people that we are fighting for their freedom and liberation, for it is not true, and they will never believe us.

On the other hand, it *is* true that, even if we stupidly wanted to do so, we could never afford to condemn eighty or ninety million people to ruin and starvation.

Very good, then; let us tell them so, and tell them straight. Let us say plainly that we are ready and willing to restore the German trade unions.

But let us also make it clear that no future German Government will be allowed to start another war; that we intend to punish the principal criminals who are responsible for this one, and that we shall never trust the German Reich again until it has given proof that it is fit to be trusted.

We must persuade the ordinary German and his family that they have nothing to fear personally from the overthrow of Hitlerism, which we are sworn to accomplish.

We must convince them that, though we may have to control their commerce, we shall only do so in order to prevent another flooding of Europe with cut-price German goods, and that, to this end, we mean to raise the standard of living in Germany to a decent economic level.

In short, let all our propaganda be directed to convince the German masses that we intend to break their rotten Government without breaking up their lives and their homes, without crushing them to servitude, and without denying them a fair chance to share in our own "New Order" of peace, freedom and happiness for all men of good will.

MANY "good Germans" among Hitler's enemies who have sought refuge here are now giving us their help in political warfare.

Most of them are so delighted to be made use of that they fall in with every propaganda scheme our own, non-German, broadcasting chiefs may devise. Often these schemes have an appeal which would hit the British listener hard, but which may pass over the heads of the relatively humourless German public.

We suggest, therefore, that much more use could be made of German-born anti-Nazis with personal experience of German Press and propaganda methods. They should be asked to guide the aim of our principal bombardments by broadcast.

But the great thing is to maintain the propaganda barrage in full force by day and night, pounding and hammering the truth into the thick skulls of the German and Italian masses until at last they are convinced that their cut-throat bosses are leading them to nothing but ruin and shameful disaster.

Tell them exactly what we are prepared to do. Let us tell them this, and tell 'em straight.

His Own Poison is Killing Him

LEST WE FORGET—V: "Last but not least" is the only signature tune with which to usher Dr. Goebbels into the arena where the original Nazi thugs have been re-stripped.

"IT'S a lie!"

A simple farmworker, red in the face, his fists clenched, said it angrily as he listened to a Nazi news broadcast in English. In these three words he expressed the reaction of every sane man to the slimy propaganda which Goebbels is pouring out from Berlin.

After spending hundreds of millions, after working ten years with a staff of thousands—this is the result of Goebbels' much overrated activities.

Now it is obvious that it was not difficult for Goebbels to buy a few newspapers in the Balkans, to bribe some editors who were never able to make an honest living. Thus he and his famous propaganda created disunity inside small countries—which had a long record of internal squabbles, anyway.

★ ★ ★

But as soon as he had to tackle what Hitler calls "the real enemy," that is, Britain, Goebbels failed miserably.

He promised Hitler that he could disrupt the political life of Britain in no time.

The little propagandist had some notions that he could play up the Scots against the English, the Welsh against the Scots, Britain against Ireland: "It will all fall to pieces if we only knock at it!"

One need not waste many words to show up his failure, to expose these ridiculous schemes.

This so-called psychological expert was firmly convinced that a democracy would be the victim of Party squabbles if he only emphasised the points of differences.

His dream came to an end when he had to confess that none of them would play his game in Britain.

He put up a special propagandist, Lord Haw-Haw, to put his lies across to the British people, to introduce Hitlerism to Britain by the back door.

Can you imagine his disappointment when British newspapers openly advertised the speaking hours of Haw-Haw? When British people gathered to listen—and to laugh—at Haw-Haw? When, in the end, they got bored by what seemed to them a bad joke, and stopped listening altogether?

A poor result for the propaganda world champion!

★ ★ ★

But Goebbels had an even grander objective: "We'll fix America by propaganda!" was his promise to Hitler.

His experts and emissaries themselves can report on the result of his American propaganda campaign.

America openly on the side of the Allies, rounding up of Nazi propaganda agents in the U.S. Even the American Isolationists, who unwillingly did Goebbels' work, have roused a storm of indignation against themselves among their compatriots.

★ ★ ★

But isn't Goebbels successful on the Nazi home front?

Ask the German generals! They have usurped the most important propaganda function in war time. They are issuing their own communiqués.

Goebbels is not allowed to meddle in Nazi military propaganda. And more than once, when he did, he was quickly rebuked and refuted by the Nazi war leaders.

What efforts has not Goebbels made to impress the conquered people with the advantages of collaboration with the Nazis. Expensive newspaper ventures, extensive broadcasts all over the Continent, have been used to spread the Nazi gospel.

The result?

The Continent is up in arms against the Nazis.

You hear less and less of the purring voice which came so frequently over the Nazi radio. Even Germans are hardly ever treated nowadays to one of those bombastic Goebbels articles which tried to smooth over internal dissatisfaction

It is one of the most spectacular Nazi failures.

And, as Nazism was built on the foundations of propaganda, the collapse of Goebbels heralds the collapse of Nazism.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

OPEN LETTERS

Lt.-General Sir RONALD ADAM, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—When the time comes for us to invade the Continent, we shall need every soldier we can muster.

We shall need troops trained to the last degree in modern warfare—not khaki-clad valets and clerks and chauffeurs who haven't handled a rifle for months and have never seen tanks in action.

Obvious, do you say? Then why on earth is the Army still wasting whole divisions of fit men on civilian jobs that could be done by girls?

They joined up to fight. They were passed as fit to fight.

Instead, they are growing bored as servants in officers' messes, as clerks in Army offices, as chauffeurs who have only a couple of hours' work a day.

Skilled artisans—mechanics, wheelwrights, turners—are doing menial jobs instead of tending tanks and lorries.

You want to transfer them to the work for which they are best fitted. But many commanding officers send in faked returns to avoid parting with them.

There is only one remedy. Appoint a high officer who, having power to override these obstinate commanders, would send his staff to every unit to inspect books, talk to the men, and take out the round pegs from square holes.

The size of the Army is not to be increased. The Prime Minister says so. Proper use of men already in khaki is therefore an urgent consideration.

It's up to you to translate consideration into action.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Commander R. FLETCHER, M.P., Admiralty

DEAR COMMANDER,—You seem to have a knack of "putting both feet in it" at once, for you invite the public to say "Oh yeah" to anyone who says that Hitler is running short of oil.

Well, the Minister of Economic Warfare often tells us about Germany's oil shortage.

When members of the Government fall out of step, what is the public to believe?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. E. BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Parents are being summoned for allowing children to return to coastal towns. Yet the Regional Commissioner says that parents need not fear prosecution.

But the ultimate responsibility is yours.

You are in charge of evacuation, which so far you have muddled badly. The only way to clear up the latest muddle is for you to announce your policy.

I suspect you haven't got one.—JOHN BULL.

BILLETING OFFICERS, Everywhere

DEAR SIRS,—The wife of a naval man on convoy duty has been told by a big estate office: "We don't let flats to families of Servicemen."

That is only one of many cases reported to me.

May I suggest you look out for such cases in your own area—and treat the offending landlords to a dose of oral vitriol? You'll find that they won't stand up against the threat of publicity. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. WICKHAM STEED, Distinguished Publicist

DEAR MR. STEED,—Don't worry; there's no *Gestapo* here.

The feminine voice that told you to "speak English" when you were talking on the 'phone in German did not belong to an official spy, but to some over-patriotic operator who had no business to be listening-in.

I know the official regulations on this matter, and I shan't envy that operator if she can be traced.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir W. WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—What bitter irony that your office is in Sanctuary Buildings! Its motto should be: "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here."

A London Ambulance man met with a serious driving accident. He received disablement pay—until he was summoned to your office for a medical examination.

The doctor didn't examine him, but merely asked a few questions. As a result, his allowance has been stopped, his wife and children left to starve.

He cannot get the "dole" because his own doctor certifies him as unfit for work.

But what is that to you?—JOHN BULL.

JOINT SECRETARIES, The Treasury

GENTLEMEN,—An elderly nurse, unable to work owing to arthritis, invested her savings in Canadian stock and lived on the interest.

You commandeered the lot, at half the price she had paid for it. So she has lost half her life savings, and is faced with a hard struggle for existence.

That is damnably unfair. Your regulations should be softened for extreme cases; after all, there are hardship tribunals even for fire-watching, and your decisions should not be immune from appeal.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. F. WHITE, Clerk to the Whitby Justices

SIR,—A holiday-maker was summoned for paddling from a prohibited beach. Exactly a week before his case was due to be heard, your office informed him that he had been fined 10s.—and you have given neither apology nor explanation.

A very, very strange mistake. I hope it doesn't often happen.—JOHN BULL.

LORD REITH, Minister of Works

MY LORD,—Some of your officials evidently don't know that builders are urgently needed for new war factories.

They are allowing a bombed office building in the Strand to be lavishly restored.

Though it is owned by Big Business, I know you'll agree that the nation's business should come first.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. D. GRENFELL, M.P., Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—We must all "go easy" with fuel, I know. But your next appeal for economy should be addressed exclusively to big shopkeepers.

The great display windows of London stores blaze with electricity all day; I'd rather that current was used to keep munition factories going.—JOHN BULL.

WAR DAMAGE DEPT., Bootle

GENTLEMEN,—An apprentice lost his tools in an air raid last May. He made a list of them, got it signed by his foreman, and asked you for compensation.

Twice you called him for interview, so he lost two half-days' wages and fares. After many more weeks you wrote arranging a visit to his home. No one turned up, and you then denied having made the appointment.

Finally, you referred him to another department that couldn't help him, and which gave him two equally useless addresses.

If this is your idea of business, you'll merely add to the war damage.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PAYMASTER, War Office

SIR,—A Middle East soldier (who also fought in Greece) assigned his proficiency pay to his wife. That was more than a year ago, and she's still trying to get it.

I suppose it's being saved up for her as an Armistice present.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS, Regional Production Boards

GENTLEMEN,—Don't let spit-and-polish hold up production.

At a Midlands factory hundreds of ammunition boxes have been rejected by inspectors because they were painted the wrong shade of green. Petrol cans are rejected because they have been handled by workers with dirty hands!

Tell inspectors that work need only be good enough for its purpose.—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN, Essex War Agricultural Committee

DEAR SIR,—Land drainage workers in your area may not transfer to other war work, yet they are not guaranteed regular employment.

Indeed, I understand that many are likely to be "stood off" after November. Surely they should be assured of continuous work?—JOHN BULL.

Men, Women—and Adversity

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

THERE is something unjust in the balance of life. Some people suffer misfortune after misfortune; others pursue, without disruption, the even tenor of their ways.

I heard the other day of a man who, in three malignant months, had borne the following blows:

His eldest son stricken with meningitis;

His wife, mentally affected, in a nursing home;

His daughter badly smashed up in a road accident;

His second son torpedoed and missing.

All the brave little world this man had built and cherished was in pieces. His home was no more. His family was broken up. There was for him neither comfort nor peace of mind.

His spirit was shaken. And the unspoken bitterness of his soul was written in his face. Why, the silent question ran, should *I* suffer these things? Why, of all men, should *I* be singled out for these terrible blows?

* * *

Why, why, why?

All our days we ask this question. Children stumbling in the darkness, we remain, wondering dimly, vaguely, resentfully why life can be so hard, so cruel, so merciless.

Yet, there is relief even in adversity. A man I know was playing cards the other night. A stranger would have assessed him as a happy, carefree man, well off, and pleased—if such a term may be used to-day—with life.

But I knew that life had hit him hard. I knew that his source of income had suddenly dried up. He had owned important industrial plant in Greece.

To-day that plant is in Nazi hands. That's all he knows. He has tried in vain to get news of his property.

Yet he remains cheerful. He presents to the world an unruffled appearance. And if anyone commiserates with him on his misfortune, he merely says: "Well, it might be worse."

* * *

It seems to me that the greater the adversity the better man bears it. The trivial misfortunes, the petty failures, the miserable little setbacks, set people moaning.

Those are the pinpricks. But when real adversity comes most men and women set their teeth and fight back.

We are too modest as a race. It's "bad form" to praise ourselves. It just isn't done.

Why, why, why? Again that eternal question. The world knows—or doesn't it?—how Britain so far has weathered this storm, the most terrible tempest that ever threatened her homes, her freedom, her security.

But does every nation know the full strength of Britain, the silent pride which animates her people, the smiling faces that jeer back at adversity, the tested and indomitable courage which runs like a silent, undammable stream beneath the busy life around?

Our adversities have made us a greater nation. They have tempered us into finer steel.

Let's tell the world!

Ronald was Too Tough for the Luftwaffe!

They come up smiling. That's what Bootle thinks of Hitler and his bombers. It's something the Nazis don't quite understand even yet.

★ FRANK K. STUART, continuing his Big Tales of the Little Man, tells you of a very little man—just a boy, in fact—whose stoic pluck makes one of the biggest tales of all. Then, spic and span, he turned up at his job in the morning with a cheery grin.

AMONG the towns that have "taken it," Liverpool ranks high. And out at the mouth of the Mersey, edged by over a mile of great docks, is the borough of Bootle. As big as many cities, Bootle used to be a bit of a joke—the sort of place a fashionable Lancastrian wouldn't be seen dead in.

Since the *blitz* Lancashire isn't so sure. In fact, if it wasn't so "dommed sentimental," they would say in Lancashire that Bootle is "champion."

Ronald Hays is just an ordinary Bootle lad. If you said there was anything heroic about him, he would wonder what you were getting at.

A Job of Work

One cloudy night last winter he went on duty. He had been on duty all day. But that was nothing. That was just his ordinary job of work. Night work was different. You see, he was a messenger in the A.F.S.

"Somebody's got to do it," he said calmly, answering a question. "It was a bit hard when we got warnings every night. Didn't give anyone much sleep, like. But we couldn't let old Jerry come and burn up Bootle, could we!"

It was a firebomb night.

The *Luftwaffe* had decided to set Bootle aflame from end to end. The number of incendiary bombs dropped in the first half-hour of the attack was terrific.

Deliberately and cold-bloodedly, they tried to set fire to the homes of its 60,000 or so inhabitants. It was a big target, and an easy one. The glimmering Mersey showed just where to aim the bombs.

Ronald Hays, like the rest of the Bootle A.R.P. personnel, had been up every night, and in the days he had worked just as cheerfully as ever at his own job. These Lancashire lads are like that.

When the overwhelming rain of fire came down from the skies, he stood by his bicycle ready to take messages.

At the height of the appalling row, with guns thudding, bombs raining down, the sky lurid already with starting fires that crackled and hissed and added their voices to the rest, with ambulances and breakdown lorries speeding through the darkened streets, young Hays was given a message.

"Step on it, lad!" they said.

Like a Goblin Dream

He "stepped on it." He got his message through, along streets and lanes dancing like a goblin dream, with little black figures fighting the ever-increasing fires. Then he turned and began to pedal back.

He was within half a mile of his own fire-station when a high-explosive bomb came whistling down and exploded with frightful force just ahead in the street.

Hays felt himself picked up like a straw in a whirlwind, and sucked through the air on to the pavement, where he sprawled down on all fours with every bit of breath jolted out of him.

A blinding flash, a staggering roar, the thundering cascade of bricks and mortar as a high house ahead slid down to fill and block the street . . . and then silence and darkness.

He picked himself up slowly. No bones were gone. His nose was bleeding, but that didn't matter.

He tried to pick up his bicycle, and whistled. One wheel was bent out of shape, and the tyre was ripped clean off. "As if a steamroller had been over it," he reported later.

Relay of Bicycles

Feeling shaken and more than a bit sick, he walked quietly down an alley, up another, and back to his station.

"You'd better knock off, young 'un," someone said.

"Knock off nothing!" Hays answered. "All I want's another bike."

The time was too urgent for argument. Firebombs were still coming down, but already there were fires showing the Ghouls of the Skies where to send down their biggest explosive bombs.

As they talked at the station, a Heinkel came cartwheeling through the sky, flaming from end to end, and fell somewhere out in the bay.

Someone dashed in with a message. Hays took it. He found another bicycle and pedalled off, head down.

Just before he reached the new destination one of those explosive bombs came down.

It was a big one; a house past which Hays was riding, which had already been badly shattered, rolled right over.

"I thought it was on top of me," he said. "But I managed to dig myself out all right. Couldn't find the bike anywhere, though. Guess it was buried deep down."

Those curt, matter-of-fact sentences were all he told of a frantic struggle against suffocation when the rubble covered him, of a titanic effort to unearth that second bicycle that was somewhere "buried deep down." Where he also might have been.

In the bomb-flashed darkness, he once more continued his travels on foot. He knew the streets blindfold, and it was just as well. He was scratched, bruised, his clothes torn and earthy.

The Bootle boy walked to his destination, delivered his message—and, somehow, "won" another bicycle.

Before he had been riding it five minutes yet another bomb came down. The blast tossed bicycle and rider against the side of a tall building.

The machine buckled up like a toy that has been trodden on. But Bootle lads are made of tougher stuff than mere tubular steel.

Hays climbed wearily to his feet once more, waited for a big flash to show him that his machine was really quite unridable, sighed resignedly—and set off on foot yet again!

That time, when he got back to his station, there was nearly a riot. A lot of people came and said he ought to knock off and go and rest.

And, indeed, Ronald looked as if he needed a rest. He looked, to quote one of the men at the station, "as if Dixie Dean had scored half a dozen goals wi' him as ball!"

And Dixie, as they know in Liverpool, had something like a boot!

But Ronald Hays grew very indignant. Did they suppose, he asked heatedly, because he had had the bad luck to lose three bicycles that he was going to give in?

"We shan't beat them dirty tikes up there" (he jerked a bloody thumb skywards) "by going off and having a rest every five minutes."

He tidied himself somewhat, and then found another bicycle.

That one really nearly did for him!

Picking on Him!

Once again he came to grief, and, falling heavily among collapsing rubble, was knocked unconscious. He lay there, a small, twisted figure on a heap of bricks and dirt that smouldered sullenly where some splintered beams stuck out of it. Mercifully, the beams would not catch, and when he came to only volumes of acrid smoke showed the danger he had been in of being burned alive.

And that bicycle was smashed, too!

Young Hays began to feel a bit hopeless. There is, after all, a limit to all things. Four machines smashed under him in one night made it seem as if the *Luftwaffe* was picking on him.

He trudged on through the cloudy darkness, and delivered his message. Then he returned on foot to his station.

He managed to "win" a fifth bicycle before reporting for duty again. He said he was afraid they might stop him for the night if he said the fourth one had gone the way of the rest.

Once more he rode out with a message. Once more—the *fifth* time that night!—he was blown off, and his machine made useless.

But, as always, he got his message through.

Called in at Home

The raid ended. Perhaps the German bombers got discouraged. If a civilian, and a boy at that, could treat them in that way. . . .

Ronald Hays had a thorough wash, getting rid of blood and mud, patching up scratches and putting on judiciously a little ointment here and there. He spent a lot of time brushing his clothes and generally tidying up.

He meticulously brushed his hair.

He had a very hearty breakfast at a canteen, and appeared thoroughly to enjoy it.

And then, calling in at his home on the way just to tell them he was all right and had enjoyed himself, he went on to his work, where he turned up, with his usual cheery grin, on the tick of time.

I understand that, in Bootle, they have arranged wholesale terms with a leading cycle manufacturer against the possibility of a renewed *blitz* this autumn.

NEXT WEEK: Fifty Years of Service.

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HUMAN MACHINE

BIG LITTLE THINGS

The things that matter in this life are not, on the whole, the big things.

When the big things come along they usually force us, whether we like it or not, to put out all our strength and all our powers. They are too big, as it were, to be ignored. They are an obvious challenge to our abilities, and we mostly recognise and accept the challenge.

It is the little thing that so often beats us—just because it is a little thing.

We scoff at it, if we bother to think of it at all, but we're wrong. For we forget that our daily lives are made up of a multitude of little things, that a constant succession of little things form our habits, and that our habits in the end determine how we act.

"Many a mickle," says the proverb, "makes a muckle."

True—only too true. If we were all as careful over the details as we are over the big plan and the big scheme, there would be far fewer failures.

There is only one safe rule to follow whatever you may be doing—to do everything, literally *everything*, no matter how small or how apparently unimportant, as though it and it alone carried with it success or failure.

What matters is never *what* we do but *how* we do it.

It is this "how" that is such a key to character. For a man's acts cannot for long be other than a reflection of his true self, his real mentality and his deep-seated approach to life and its problems.

You give yourself away to the observant with your every action—so be careful!

★ IF YOU KNOW OF AN INJUSTICE ANYWHERE . .
★ FEEL THAT SOMEBODY IS BEING PENALISED . .
★ FEEL THAT YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR DUE

Write to 'John Bull' about It!

WHAT RISKS CAN WE

Britain is packed with toughened troops like these taking part in mock warfare

By A. G. GARDINER

WHILE we await with anxious interest the outcome of Hitler's "gigantic offensive" against Moscow, we shall do well to study its purpose and motive.

For if we understand his plans we shall be better able to formulate our own.

The first fact to emphasise is that this vast effort is launched on the brink of winter. Winter, too, in a most inhospitable land.

Mr. Maisky has warned us not to hope for too much from "General Winter." He did that, quite wisely, to counter any tendency to slackened effort. But he did not mean that winter in the plains of Russia, with the average temperature not less than 15 degrees below our own, and with the snow in unbroken possession of the land, is a suitable season for war.

No one is better aware of this than Hitler. The urgency and immensity of his effort is due to that.

HE HAS NOT MADE THIS SPECTACULAR LUNGE AT THIS LATE SEASON OF THE YEAR BY DESIGN. HE HAS MADE IT BY COMPULSION. HE HAS MADE IT BECAUSE HIS PLANS HAVE GONE WRONG.

All our experience of Hitler's method shows his disinclination to winter campaigning. Nothing is more transparently certain than that his present position in Russia is not what he intended it to be.

When he launched his blitz bolt in June he expected that the autumn would find the job done and Stalin on his knees, "taking the count."

He himself would be in undisputed possession of the treasures of the Ukraine and the Caucasus.

His rear would be secure. He could leave a shadow army behind to hold the country down. He could hand Russia, as he has handed so many other countries, over to the savage rule of the Gestapo.

And, with the glamour of a thrilling triumph enveloping his invincible arms, he could turn West and confront us with the alternative of accepting a conqueror's peace terms or the horrors of invasion.

A corollary of the plan was that the devastation of his raiders and U-boats in the Atlantic would have so crippled our power of resistance as to simplify his task.

That was the calculation.

It has been upset by the heroic resistance of the Russian people and the wholly unsuspected power and preparedness of the Russian military machine.

At immense cost in men and material Hitler has pushed back the Russian Army far into the interior, but he has not broken the line.

He is not master of the Gulf of Finland or the Black Sea.

His scheme of a vast, resistless enveloping movement which, surging in from Leningrad in the north and the Ukraine in the south, would roll up the Russian Army and set the Swastika waving over the Kremlin before the leaves were off the trees has broken down.

And he is faced with what he had not bargained for—a winter campaign in Russia.

Hence the "gigantic offensive." It is a stupendous attempt to recover from the failure of the original plan.

It is designed to blast through the centre of the line, seize Moscow, shatter the broken armies north and south, and end the war by a *tour de force.*

It is a race against winter.

At the best the calculation is that it may bring surrender and a dictated peace.

At the second best Hitler reckons that he may so break the heart of the enemy that he will accept a negotiated peace that will give him what he needs and leave him free to swing all his unexhausted power against us in the Spring.

At the worst, he hopes that if Russia holds out and he is tied down to a winter campaign in that bleak land he will have secured better winter quarters for his army than the blackened ruins of the cities he has devastated.

UPON the issue of this mighty struggle it is idle to speculate.

The marvellous spirit and powers of endurance shown by the Russian people encourage us to hope that the second plan of the barbarians will be stemmed as effectively as the first has been. May that hope be realised.

BUT OUR PART IN THIS GREAT CRISIS IS NOT TO HOPE BUT TO ACT.

In saying this, I do not share in much of the criticism current in regard to the measure of support we have given to Russia.

Many of the criticisms ignore the hard facts of geography, the immensity of our tasks, the limitations of our resources.

Take the question of transport alone.

We are fighting for our life to keep the seaways open. We are fighting on the narrowest possible margin of safety. And until the United States comes wholeheartedly into the struggle the peril will not be passed.

In view of that fact the diversion of our transport to supply the needs of Russia is tragically limited.

BUT apart from direct help to the Russian front we have done, and are doing, immense service to the Russian cause.

In Asia Minor we have built up a solid block of occupied States from the Mediterranean to the Caucasus. In doing so we have brought the resources of India to our ally.

And we have, as another result, stiffened the back of Turkey in the face of threatened aggression.

The devastating blows which our bombers are daily and nightly delivering at the enemy's power stations, shipping, transport, munition dumps, fuel stores and so on are having a cumulative effect upon the German war machine which will become more deadly with every day that the Russians maintain their front.

All this apart from the gathering volume of material supplies now pouring into Russia under the Anglo-American scheme.

BUT THIS IS NOT ENOUGH. IN THIS TREMENDOUS CRISIS WE MUST DO

SWAFFER LIFTS

WHY ARE BOOKS IMPORTANT NOW?

● There is criticism of the waste of paper on the vast output of books.

Actually, the Government would be accused of being invidious if it placed an embargo on light literature, in which soldiers, sailors, airmen find much-needed relaxation during their idle hours.

Except for security reasons, the Government is in no sense a censor or a dictator of taste.

If more and more novels and thrillers were sent to the Forces by private citizens, part of this problem would be solved.

Publishers themselves have organised a National Book Council and a "For Victory" book-drive. This seeks to secure a wider use of informative books on the war effort.

New technical books are needed to add value to the work of engineers. Up-to-date manuals to speed the competence of new workers and informative books on various aspects of the war are required in all the branches of the Services.

Although there is no attempt to boost book sales, which are already too big for short-staffed shops, the National Book Council is making a sane attempt to ensure the use of paper for the prosecution of the war.

Other trades might follow suit, and organise so as to speed-up victory.

WHY WASTE WIRELESS TIME?

● Surely, now that the Ministry of Information has taken over greater control of the B.B.C., it will do what the pale young men of Broadcasting House have hitherto refused—the cutting down of announcements.

Listening to the average B.B.C. features, you cannot help noticing how every programme is padded out shamelessly by repetition of intro-

TAKE?

MORE THAN WHAT IS CONSISTENT WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY, WE MUST TAKE RISKS.

The other day Mr. Churchill suggested that, while standing pat in Russia, Hitler was in a position to attempt to invade us here and to carry the war into the Mediterranean littoral.

It was a surprising estimate of Germany's striking power, and for my own part I don't think that, short of sensational happenings in Russia, Hitler will engage in any major operations elsewhere.

He would like to do so, of course, for the winter is the war season in North Africa, and he had doubtless intended, having disposed of Russia, to use that season for an attack on the Suez.

Whether he does so or not we must seize this moment of his preoccupation in Russia to hit him hard in his most vulnerable spots.

Italy, for example.

We have hammered that unhappy jackal mercilessly until it has become a drain on Hitler's war resources.

It should not be outside the range of our powers to strike such a blow now as will compel Hitler to slacken his thrust into Russia.

Remember, it was while Napoleon was in Russia that the "cancer in Spain" was eating into his vitals.

Wellington in the Peninsula did as much as Kutusov in Russia to bring him to ruin. And Italy may well be Hitler's cancer.

Posters will not supply the solution to the problem of woman power

This Tomfool Sex Quibble

By BARBARA AYRTON GOULD

SOME of the people in authority have got the women war workers' situation all wrong.

If a Nazi were to drift superficially round this country he could hardly be blamed if he reported to his chiefs that the women of Britain were hanging back from the war effort, unwilling to pull their weight, and having to be implored to help.

He would not realise, of course, that there would be some excuse for him. Because every day and almost every hour he would have seen appeals and heard exhortations.

He would not realise, of course, this is true merely of a tiny proportion—the younger ones in the fashionable "hide-outs," the war time socialites, the "good-time girls," the middle-aged poodle-fanciers whose selfishness equals their laziness and ignorance of realities.

Except for the rottenness of their example and the false ideas they give I doubt if they are worth bothering about, for the odds are against their being much good in a real war job, anyway.

The really serious thing is that the vast majority of women, who are yearning to do their utmost, are not being made the most of because, on the one hand, there is a mistaken psychological approach, and, on the other, there is a failure to sort the women out and to set them to work where they could be of most use.

These things not only hinder the recruitment of women of the right type for the Services and the factories, but lose from the national effort much that could easily be retained.

Obsolete Ideas

Fault does not lie with the women. It is men in high places with obsolete ideas about women's work who are getting in the way.

They are much too prone to look upon the effort that women can, and want to make as something that must be endured if all else fails.

If no man can be found to do a job, then a woman must be tolerated; but don't encourage her to think she is of any real value or use. She is nothing but a meagre stop-gap taken on grudgingly to fill some unimportant place.

That is their attitude!

Is it any wonder that the recruitment of women is still unsatisfactory?

In the woman war work situation we are being forced to do the same thing that dire and urgent necessity has imposed upon us in other phases of the war—make up for lost time and overtake the handicaps of an unpreparedness about which warning after warning was given.

Since November, 1939, representations have been made continuously to the Government, stressing the need to make proper preparations for the absorption of women into industry.

The case for trained women being interviewed by people in a position to gauge their professional and technical qualifications was urged. Importance of making suitable arrangements for the care of children while their mothers were at work was pointed out.

Suggestions Ignored

Need for providing facilities to enable women with domestic responsibilities to do their household shopping was stressed. Provision of communal feeding centres on an adequate scale to lighten women's home work was demanded.

For many months the Government ignored nearly every practical suggestion that was made to speed up their recruitment.

When the need for their labour became really desperate, slow and faltering steps were taken to remove some of the obstacles which had prevented so many of them from undertaking the war work they longed to do.

Now, from the pressure of grim necessity, the door of opportunity is being pushed wider open—but only slowly.

Appeals grow in strength and number as the demand becomes greater. But obstacles, prejudices and inequalities still block the path to women's full achievement.

Many skilled, trained women are still given no opportunity to use their skill and training. They are offered only unskilled or semi-skilled work, under men with less skill and inferior qualifications to their own.

Skill is skill, not sex, and the most highly qualified person is entitled to the job and the pay that goes with it.

Women can do the work. Women want to do the work, but they demand to be treated fairly in doing it.

Does anyone wish to deny their ability or adaptability? If so, they have forgotten the last war, when the women themselves proved that in some of the skilled processes requiring delicate precision they turned out to be better than the men who taught them.

Women have proved themselves over and over again, in factories, in workshops in A.R.P., and in the Services.

The Government proves them, praises them—and then denies them justice.

Women are being called up, put into jobs less good than the ones they have left; often paid less money than they were getting, and, at the same time, given no guarantee that after the war they will get back their old jobs, or, for that matter, any jobs at all.

Little Inducement

They are refused equal compensation for injury, either from industrial accidents or as a result of enemy action.

They get lower disability rates and smaller pensions than men.

Often they are paid less than the men they replace for the same work.

They are invited—indeed, implored—to train for all sorts of skilled work, and they are asked to become trainees at a scale of pay ludicrously below what the men taking the same courses are offered.

In short, they are asked to do the same work, run the same risks in industry without, in most cases, being given either the status or pay to which they are entitled.

Posters and advertisements are broadcast by the million all carrying the discouraging words, "Men's Rates X, Women's Rates Y."

"Y" is the symbol of the position and status of the women.

THE QUICKEST WAY TO V IS TO MAKE Y EQUAL X.

The women of this country have shown magnificently how much they are ready to do to smash the menace that threatens us all.

If the need arose they would go out beside the men with rifles and grenades as the Russian women are doing.

It is not urging that they need. It is fair play, far-sighted organisation, and real leadership; something more practical and fewer posters.

Then we should get on much more quickly with the huge task before us of providing the mechanised force that will utterly destroy the Hitler menace.

S THE LID

ctory announcements, "build ups" and self-ngratulatory bunk.

Then, theme-tunes are repeated *ad nauseam*. If these trimmings were cut, a very small resi-e of entertainment would be left—and that, o, often of a third-class kind.

Why do we stand for it?

Time after time we have to listen to such nsense as: "The chorus was trained by Nancy ngfox"—as though anyone cares!

At least one hour a day could be saved—and ed for foreign propaganda.

Do it now, Bracken! You have the power.

OES THE M.O.I. MAKE FILM PROFITS?

People who see Ministry of Information propaganda films often wonder where the oney goes.

These films can be divided into three groups. he first consists of unadulterated propaganda, ealing, for instance, with such ideas as "Dig r Victory," "Careless Talk Helps the Enemy," nd "Communal Kitchens."

One of these is issued every week. It lasts bou five minutes. All of them are distributed ee and shown by arrangement with the hibitors.

The second kind—these include "Target for o-night," "Merchant Seamen," "From the our Corners of the Earth," and "Men of the ighship"—are sold to exhibitors at com-ercial rates, by arrangement with the renters.

Then there is "49th Parallel."

The Ministry, in this case, was an ordinary ve tor. It invested, I believe, £40,000 in the od uction. If there is a profit, as is expected, will share in the proceeds. These will go into he Treasury.

ARE WE REALLY WICKED?

● In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury has declared that everyone is appalled at the wickedness of the world. Even in our own country, he said, none of us could be satisfied with the really religious practice of the people.

It is certainly true that people no longer accept the teaching of the Church catechism that a Christian should "humble myself lowly and reverently before my betters."

But there is more human decency, kindliness and tolerance, and more regard for truth than ever in the history of the country.

Churches have lost their influence because their leaders lecture the common folk instead of inspiring them and setting an example. They will now be judged by the extent to which they help the "wicked people" to evolve a new social order.

Lord Salisbury may have found an appreciative audience among the bishops in the Upper Chamber. On Tower Hill or in Hyde Park, had he dared to speak in the open air, the ordinary common people who saved London would have mocked and jeered.

HOW DOES THE "LITTLE MAN" SAVE?

● Already, £1,000,000,000 has been raised in war savings!

This is three times the record of the last war and, indeed, one quarter of the last war's cost!

How on earth has the "Little Man" done it?

Taxed almost to breaking-point and paying dearly for nearly everything he buys, he has still managed to save in the nation's interest.

It is in the ranks of the better-off that there would seem to be more waste. This is apparent in the West End of London and the better-class neighbourhoods.

Lord Kindersley has done a great job over War Savings. But there is still room for more of his missionary effort among the ranks of the well-to-do and among the big finance houses.

NOBODY'S APPLES!

EVERYONE knows that waste is rampant on a huge scale.

It mocks the daily exhortations for economy with which the Government bombards us. It suggests that the Government should obey its own behests.

Anyhow, many of the official "hints" are obvious to all of us.

Now, for a change, a "Man in the Street" has written to me with advice *for* the Government on how to save.

His views are the views of thousands who can better advise than be advised.

Let me give a case in point:

Sydenham, that sylvan suburb in South-East London, has lots of large houses normally rated at £100 a year or more. Many of them are now empty; their owners having gone to "safety areas" for the duration.

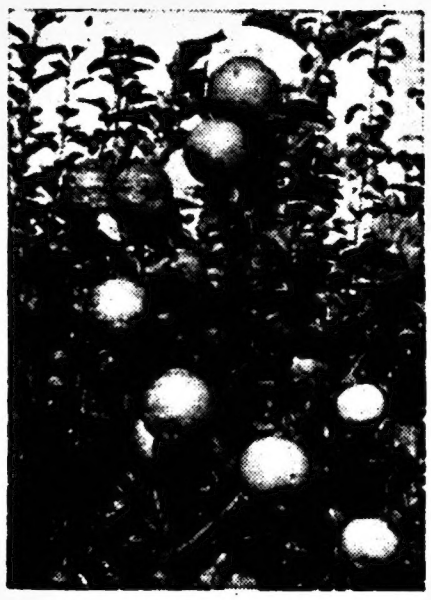
Wasted Crops

The big gardens of these deserted houses have apple and pear trees, laden with the fruit that the Government admits is so hard to get—and which we all know is so dear to buy.

The owners have the first right to the fruit, of course. But many of them have made no arrangements for it to be gathered in, so it is left to rot on the trees.

One of the houses is owned by a man now living miles away from London. His once lovely and well-kept garden is running wild, but it has nine rich trees on which apples and pears in abundance are reaching a stage of senile decay.

Near by is another fine house, owned by people now living in Devonshire, and over its garden fence hundreds of passers-by have lately looked with disgust at the neglected trees and their tempting yield.



Local authorities should be empowered to commandeer these fruits and sell them at reasonable prices

As my "Man in the Street" correspondent observes:

"In Sydenham, as in other places, 8d. a pound is being charged for apples which, in pre-war days, could be bought for 1½d. a pound, while for pears the extortionate price of 1s. 9d. a pound is demanded.

"I have always understood that fruit is essential to the preservation of health, supplying as it does a certain vitamin which even vegetables do not produce.

"Yet here we are wasting hundreds of tons of precious apples and pears in one district alone!"

And what is happening in Sydenham is happening in many other parts of the country.

Police are Helpless

Police officials are no less indignant, but what can they do?

They say that these large gardens are private property, that no one dare take a single apple, that if he does and is discovered he is liable to be prosecuted as a common thief.

It isn't surprising that one such garden — adjoining a large deserted house in Tewsbury Road, Sydenham—was recently stripped early one morning by thieves, who must have taken some conveyance there between dark and dawn to secure the trees' wasting harvest.

What does the Ministry of Food say about it all?

Just this: That months ago it issued a circular to all local authorities putting the responsibility on them for the gathering of fruit in their areas. But the authority of owners must first be obtained!

There is Still Time

Of course, local authorities should be *empowered* to commandeer these fruits and sell them at reasonable prices.

It should not be left to district voluntary associations, who may not have the facilities to make collections on a large scale, to have to face the possibility of long, wearying inquiries as to who and where the owners are before they can even attempt to strip the trees!

While there is yet time I urge the Ministry to deal promptly with this scandal.

To allow valuable fruit to rot, at a time when multitudes of men, women and children cannot get it, is sheer criminal waste.

The Old (Shysters') Brigade

DESPITE its splendid title, the British Products Company, Great Urswick, Ulverston, Lancs, wants some beating for cheek.

To a firm that has never heard of its existence it sent an "Invoice," bearing no printed heading, for goods offered for sale! This ran: "Re Saccharins, Per Gross Packets (30 tablets per packet), £2 15s.," and "57 Gross Packets weekly, £157."

And it asked for "Cash with Order by Registered Post or Telegraph"—all this in the poorest, pencilled writing.

Small traders may be anxious to buy saccharin, but they'd be foolish to deal with a concern that operates in this astonishing fashion.

* * *

FOOTBALL "Star" Forecasts at the price of 1s. are offered by J. Chance, Bagnall Street, Golds Hill, W. Bromwich.

Though ordinary clients may not see through his scheme, it is clear to an expert eye that he is running just another sporting ramp.

Chance is not even careful in the compilation of his 1s. lists, for in one forecast four teams playing away were included in the "Home" column! Much better satisfaction is available in your ordinary daily paper.

* * *

M. AHMED, of Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, says he has a secret treatment for eye sufferers at a cost of 30s. for the initial interview and 8s. 6d. for subsequent visits.

He is one of those Indian quacks who ought not to be permitted to tamper with eyesight problems, and works with a son who, like himself, possesses no qualifications at all.

TOBACCONISTS in a small way of business should be on their guard against crooks who, with seemingly genuine credentials, offer "salvaged" cigarettes in large quantities at excellent prices.

Cash must be paid in advance, however, but the cigarettes never arrive.

William Pitfield, of Drysdale Street, Hoxton, London, went even further—he tricked a Bedlington trader of £300 for "salvaged cigarettes" which turned out to be cartons filled with rubble!

He is now in jail, where other touring "salvage" scamps ought to be.

* * *

ONE year's imprisonment has been passed on Richard William Nunns Spencer, of the "Royal Institution of Radio Engineers," which has been exposed in these columns and the subject of warnings by post to inquiring readers.

He extracted large sums from "students" who believed that the organisation would enable them to secure remunerative posts. Spencer admitted that he made two thousand a year out of it. The "diplomas" were signed by "A. Price, Registrar"—a charlady!

I'm glad JOHN BULL saved many people from his clutches.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. A. G. Cadman, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. Information he supplied enabled me to issue a topical warning.

Write to me about any matter in which you think inquiry is necessary. Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

WHAT A HOPE!

A BOY practising for the first time on a typewriter could give points to Mr. G. Cullis, of 35, Norfolk Place, London, W.2, whose scheme for making money makes weird and wonderful reading both in text and spelling.

With a typing or spelling error on almost every line, Mr. Cullis writes to people who answer his advertisements and laboriously expounds his proposal of a return of approximately 28 per cent. per month to investors who care to give him a nominal capital of £70.

This money will be used, he says, for placing bets on "Safety First" lines, and guarantees to produce steady monthly profits.

He points out that every bet handled by him on behalf of clients is NOT a gamble, but "based on my slow, steady, to say nothing of original idea."

He speaks ambitiously of units of £35 to anyone with smaller sums for investment, but I should not like any of my readers to risk capital with him.

Far from being original, Mr. Cullis's idea is as old as the hills, and thousands of people have burned their fingers badly in similar schemes.

And there is nothing to guarantee that his profits will not be just as unsteady, even if not completely mythical.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Officers' Mess— Wrong Style!

CIVILIAN stewards employed by officers' messes are often bribed by tradesmen!

This fact came out during a recent prosecution at Aldershot in which a mess steward, a butcher's assistant and another man were fined on various charges of bribery.

In fact, the lawyer who appeared for the defence actually told the magistrates: "You probably know as well as I do that these commissions or presents, rightly or wrongly, are paid by tradesmen to mess agents or stewards. It has been done for the last 70 years in this town. . . ."

The steward concerned in this case, who had formerly served 24 years in the Army, received a "tip" of 5 per cent. on all meat ordered from the butcher, and used to call at the shop regularly for his commission.

Turning a Blind Eye

Investigations I have made reveal that officers in charge of some messes are perfectly aware that this system of bribery exists, but do nothing about it!

Unrationed goods are often supplied at inflated prices. There is consistent short weight.

But so long as the usual bribes are paid there are no complaints.

Though the Ministry of Food has asked traders in many towns not to supply rationed goods to messes, a deliberate wangling of these supplies still goes on.

One butcher was asked by an employee of an officers' mess for meat to which it had no right. Against all rationing regulations the meat was supplied. But it did not show on the butcher's invoice, and was charged as "turkeys."

Farmers who are persuaded that "as it's for the military everything is all right" have supplied pork and veal to messes and the transactions have been kept secret.

Loose Regulations

Many other queer things happen between traders and military depots.

One contract was ended because the butcher concerned had been involved in a series of police court prosecutions for profiteering. Another trader was given the order, and for two days he supplied the goods with every satisfaction.

On the third day he was told that a mistake had been made and that no more goods would be required from him.

I have discovered that this contract has been handed back to the offending tradesman! Why?

Although under military regulations there is a Mess Treasurer, a Catering Officer and a Mess Committee, it is the steward's duty to do the actual purchasing and check the invoices and accounts. Much too much in many cases is left to him because he is experienced and "knows the ropes."

Clearly a tightening up of the Regulations is essential.

VOICE of the TROOPS

SOMEWHERE on the troopship that ploughs to an unknown destination is a woman.

Somewhere behind the troops who fight for some arid stretch of desert is a woman.

Readers have asked us whether we intend to print letters from members of a sex born for gentler things who have embarked on the sterner task of beating Hitler!

Well, here (in the shape of a letter from Nurse K. Harvey, T.A.N.S., No. 19, General Hospital, Middle East Forces, to a nursing friend) is our answer:

I have had great adventures since last I wrote.

We left Palestine on a mysterious journey, nobody knowing where we were going.

We had a grand bombing; then three days on the Mediterranean which I didn't enjoy because I was laid low with sand-fly fever; then—Greece.

A marvellous country. We established our hotel eight miles out of Athens, and lived in empty houses.

We nursed the Greeks from Albania. Our hospitals were overcrowded. You've never seen anything like it.

Once I mastered a little bit of their weird language, I enjoyed nursing them. They were very brave.

We continued work on the Greeks, and then our own men started pouring in. We worked night and day, with dive-bombers coming over the mountains and swooping down on us.

Then I had to nurse the German prisoners-of-war.

Matron told us to be prepared to be taken prisoners, as there was no ship for us and no orders to move.

Then—a sudden command. The Greek sisters took over, and half our own doctors and orderlies had to remain. We had to leave, with the Germans twenty miles distant, and make for a ship.

We were bombed all the way, and eventually we arrived at Crete.

Here we roamed the cornfields for three days waiting for another ship.

An ancient Greek cruiser came to our assistance, and eventually—having had no food, not even a wash for seven days—we arrived at Alexandria.

A bit of a rest, and then duty again. We live in a tent, with nothing but sand, sand, sand—and with blazing, blaring sunshine and palpitating heat.—Nurse Harvey.

★ ★ ★

TAXES YOU'D ENJOY

Of course we want letters from brave women like that. Another such reaches us from a woman who tends the wounded on a famous hospital ship.

She is Nurse Dorothy Featherstonhaugh, and she writes to her parents at Hastings, Sussex:

Well, we are moving up again to the terrific heat.

Meanwhile, I have spent a marvellous week up in the Amatole Mountains, among people who nearly go crackers when Churchill or Smuts comes on the pictures.

★ *If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters will be returned. Address to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Everyone here seems very well off—but, then, income tax is only 1s. in the £ after the first £400 of income.

We see gifts to our air raid victims, nurses, firemen, etc., pouring to Britain on every ship. And every Tommy on his way to a battlefront is treated out here as an honoured guest.

I hope everybody in Britain will remember the kindness of these wonderful people.—Nurse Featherstonhaugh, H.M. Hospital Ship ———.

★ ★ ★

GETS THE LETTERS

What of our men who are prisoners?

Private Leslie Counsell writes from his prison camp in Germany to his mother and father:

When my name is called out and the letters are brought in, all the other fellows moan and groan and say: "That chap? He wants a post-office of his own!"

I keep dreaming of roasts, and peas, beans, cauliflowers, pies and puddings. We are getting parcels every week now, and they have a quarter of a pound of chocolate in them.—Private Leslie Counsell, Stalag X B.

★ ★ ★

"LUCKY" WRITES—

Seems to be one man in most camps who gets most letters!

For Private Skeavington, writing to his parents at Hucknall, Notts, from the German camp in which he is a prisoner, says:

The weather here is terrible—far worse than anything you get at home. Last week's rain washed away the bridges in the little village we are in; the water was four feet deep in some of the cottagers' houses, and their horses, cows and pigs were having to swim for their lives.

Our Red Cross food parcels are coming up again after a lapse of six weeks. And we are hearing from our loved ones again after three weeks without news. Moving up to a new working party caused all the delays.

I do thank you for your letters. The boys here call me "Lucky" because I hear so often. I get more news, more parcels, than anybody else on this party. They look at me so wistfully. —Private Skeavington, Stalag VIII B.

WHAT SOLDIERS DREAM

And what do you imagine our men in distant lands are all thinking about? Mrs. E. Craven, Royal College Street, Kentish Town, knows, because this letter from her son Ernie, a corporal in the desert, tells her:

There isn't a man who doesn't carry a picture of some woman dear to him—and a picture of children. They carry letters till they fall to pieces. Here, in the desert, letters are true gold. These letters apologise because there is "no news." Great heavens, everything from home is news to us.

I hold my letters on Sunday morning, and over the desert comes the smell of your Sunday dinner. I know there will be apple-pie following just now.

And so we dream, and discover how beautiful life always was in England, anyhow, and how near we came to forfeiting our right to that life through our indifference.—Ernie.

★ ★ ★

BUSES—IN PARADISE

Armourer-Private G. Pemberton, standing on deck to watch the coastline of Africa slide by, was jolted from his wonderment by something very homely.

He writes to friends at Blackburn, Lancs:

Imagine a foreshore gradually dropping down into the sea, dotted here and there with vegetation. Farther back dots of cream-coloured houses with red roofs.

Now and then the sun is caught as if by giant diamonds on this coastline and flung back at us.

Now a mountain rears itself into the white, fluffy clouds.

And into the most wonderful panorama I ever feasted my eyes on glided—a double-decker bus!—Armourer-Private G. Pemberton, 30103, R.A.O.C.

HAD HE BUT SEEN

Sapper Davies, Royal Engineers, has apparently preached the Gospel as a civilian, judging by the letter he has written to his mother from the soil Christ once trod:.

I wish I could have had this wonderful experience before I began preaching. My sermons would then have contained the real Gospel of Good News.

The ass and the goat are familiar sights here. I can see the truth of the Bible all round me.

I look on the desert and see Christ in the wilderness. I can see Him as He rides on an ass through these mean streets—as He goes to an upper room for the Last Supper.

He goes to a lonely place to converse with His Father, and I peer into loneliness and conjure up the scene.

I am gradually becoming accustomed to this new life, and it is doing me a world of good. I have had no letters, but I can look up into that sky which I know is sheltering both you and me.—Sapper Davies, 899472.

★ ★ ★

ONE-EYED KAFFIRS!

Leading Aircraftman Newmarch has an eye for the strange things of life. He tells his wife at Market Weighton, Yorks, in a letter home:

Enclosed find the snaps. I am the person in the abbreviated trunks. They have been made out of two handkerchiefs!

That's not dirt you see here and there. It's sunburn.

I went to a wedding—and such a wedding. The celebrations are kept up for three weeks.

They are held in a huge clearing, in the middle of which, on a pole, hangs an oil lamp which is the only illumination for the night festivities.

A band was playing the whole time—and consisted of several drums and one set of bagpipes.

Only one woman was allowed to take part in this orgy of celebration—and she obliged with shivery, snaky dances.

One thing I noticed about the men (and all the men here) is that they only have one good eye. I asked why, and was told that their parents put one eye out when they are babies to render them unfit for fighting.—L.A.C. Newmarch, 617298.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

NICE thought of soldiers stationed at —— is to rush out when there is an alert and help to a shelter a woman whose husband is away, and her large family of children.—D. E. Cropper, Mill Lane, Billingham, Co. Durham.

★ ★ ★

Regarding those much-abused officials, billeting officers, one stationed in a distant village himself motored to my house youngsters transferred to my care, and such officers generally round here show tact, tenacity, firmness and kindliness in looking after the welfare of their little charges.—L. J. Dickenson, Hamilton Road, Taunton, Somerset.

★ ★ ★

In my unit, an ex-carpenter makes model boats, an ex-painter tints sweethearts' photographs, an ex-boxer gives lessons, an ex-student browses over chemistry books (and, thank heaven, tries no dangerous experiments), and an ex-mechanic mends watches. So we're not getting rusty.—Signalman A. R. T., Royal Engineers, Somewhere in England.

★ ★ ★

Reading "our page," am surprised to see a Welshman attacking his own countrywomen as shirkers, and would ask him to go out and see them toiling on munitions, doing men's jobs on land and railways, and working with the chief object—the task of beating Hitler.—B. Proffitt, Prestatyn, N. Wales.

Song (of 35 years ago) that we should revive at this moment:

We're proud to know your blood runs in our veins, John Bull,
We're with you in your losses and your gains, John Bull,
Folks may call us Yankee lax 'uns,
But, thank God, we're Anglo-Saxons,
And the Anglo-Saxon race can face the world, John Bull.

—J. H. S., Crofton Road, North End, Portsmouth.

★ ★ ★

I'm not grumbling at christening one of our best bombers "Halifax," after Lord Halifax, who was associated with appeasement, but what's wrong with using such names as Cobber Kane, Bader, and many more?—L. W. R., Cirencester, Glos.

★ ★ ★

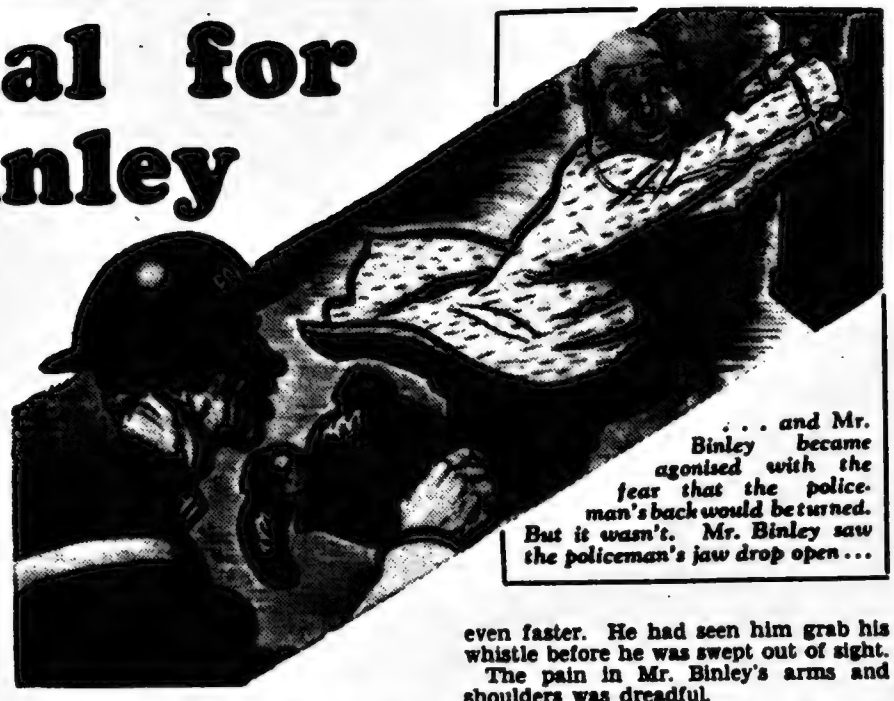
Scarcity of dried fruits, dates, bananas, nuts, etc., is scarcely fair to vegetarians, whose foods occupy far less cargo space than the bulkier diets for meat-eaters.—A. L. H., Westerton, Scotland

★ ★ ★

Conductors of buses on lonely country routes can't see the stops during blackout, should be helped by drivers speaking through microphones which shouldn't cost more than a few shillings.—J. Ewan, Beatty Place Dunfermline, Fife.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY . . . . By PATRICK SPENCER

No Medal for Mr. Binley



. . . and Mr. Binley became agonised with the fear that the policeman's back would be turned. But it wasn't. Mr. Binley saw the policeman's jaw drop open . . .

"PERHAPS I'd better explain the whole thing," said Mr. Binley. "It seems a bit involved. . . ."

"There's no need to explain anything," his wife replied impatiently. "If you hand them this note they'll understand what they have to do. The thing is to get a move on, and not dither about."

"Of course, of course, my dear. Just as you say."

Mr. Binley shrugged himself into his coat, absent-mindedly assumed his hat, and allowed himself to be shooed out of his home.

The nameplate, *Mon Repos*, caught his eye as he closed the garden gate, and memory served up the ironic thought that he had fixed this lie with his own hands.

Striking off the road on to the common, he realised that he would have to walk fast. Occasionally he broke into a trot as he descended the hill to the main road, where he consulted his watch and eased his pace slightly.

He was almost within sight of his objective when he noticed an Army lorry drawn up outside a public house.

There were plenty of those things about nowadays, he mused. You saw them here, there and everywhere.

He was still some thirty yards from the lorry when he saw two figures in civilian clothes come swiftly out of the gloom of an angle in the walls and climb into the front seat.

Mr. Binley found his mind divided between them and his immediate business.

One half of his brain recited the various unpleasant things that would be said by his wife if he failed in his urgent mission. And Matilda could be *very* unpleasant when she chose.

The other half dragged a series of dimly remembered headlines from the depths of his memory and re-photographed them sharply on his mind:

"Another Army Lorry Theft: More Food for Black Markets."

"Missing Van: 10,000 Cigarettes Stolen."

"Thieves Seize Ton of Sugar: Left in Unwatched Lorry."

The urgent noise of an engine being started superimposed itself on this vivid series, and as the lorry drew out from the kerb Mr. Binley found himself running across the road.

HE could never afterwards remember making up his mind about the thing. The street was almost deserted; he knew the nearest policeman was a quarter of a mile away at the crossroads, and he just ran.

And as he ran Mr. Binley heard a shout, and from the tail of his eye saw two soldiers come dashing out of the pub, gesticulating.

He jumped for the back of the lorry as it passed him, and managed to get a grip on the top edge of the tailboard, which was fixed in its upright position. He was sure the two men in the front seat hadn't seen him; for he had approached at an angle from the rear, on the blind side from the driving mirror.

At some moment of his run across the road Mr. Binley's hat had fallen off, and his partly bald head was exposed to a draught that came through a slit in the tarpaulin curtains at the rear of the lorry.

He had lifted his feet from the ground, and was hanging on grimly in that position, but the lorry had not covered fifty yards before his shoulders began to ache. He was quite unable to pull himself up and clamber in, and his mind suddenly made a violent jump backwards over the years to a picture of himself as a small boy, swinging like a monkey on the horizontal bar in the school gym. He could have pulled himself up all right *then*—and laughed at it.

BUT Mr. Binley's gym days, he reflected sadly, had ended some fifty years ago, and it was idle to pretend that he was in training for this sort of jaunt. All he could hope to do was to hang on until they reached the crossroads, and somehow attract the attention of the policeman there.

Beyond that he dared not think.

The lorry had increased its speed, and Mr. Binley found himself swaying from side to side with a motion that gave him a feeling of even greater insecurity.

Then they ran past a knot of people gossiping on the pavement.

Mr. Binley had a momentary vision of the knot unravelling and staring at him with open mouths, then they slid back out of his field of view, and he had a vague impression of many voices shouting.

He realised how absurd he must appear—a somewhat tubby, baldheaded man swinging on the back of a lorry for all the world like a street urchin—and he shuddered at the unbidden thought of Matilda seeing him in that position.

They were approaching the crossroads now, and Mr. Binley became agonised with the fear that the policeman's back would be turned.

But it wasn't.

Mr. Binley saw the policeman's jaw drop open, made a wild wave with one hand, shouting "Stop, thieves!" at the top of his voice, then felt the fingers of his other hand slipping, and with a violent effort somehow managed to regain his hold as a bus lumbered past his back.

Mr. Binley closed his eyes in a silent prayer of thankfulness, and felt the perspiration trickling cold over his temples. If he had let go and fallen in front of that bus. . . .

He daren't let go now.

The lorry was travelling faster than before, and all he could do was hang on and hope the policeman would move even faster. He had seen him grab his whistle before he was swept out of sight.

The pain in Mr. Binley's arms and shoulders was dreadful.

But his usually cherubic face bore an air of determination emphasised by the unconscious thrusting forward of his lower jaw. He wasn't going to let these swine get away with stuff meant for the troops so that fat shirkers could go on lining their overfed bellies. That wasn't what the country was fighting for, and if Mr. Binley was too old to fight at least he could seize the opportunity to play his part when it came.

So Mr. Binley hung on, and hoped, and sweated, and prayed.

And presently he saw a long black car nosing its way past him.

And his policeman waving encouragement to him from the seat beside the driver.

And then two soldiers in the rear giving him the thumbs-up sign.

As it drew past him the black car edged the lorry towards the kerb, and finally edged it altogether to a stop.

Mr. Binley did not so much let go as tumble into the road, and he hadn't time to scramble to his feet before one of the soldiers was helping him.

"You all right, mate?" asked the soldier anxiously.

"Y-yes, I think so," Mr. Binley replied shakily.

THE soldier was still patting and dusting him down when the policeman and driver came round to the rear with two men in handcuffs, followed by the soldier's mate.

"Well done, sir," said the policeman, shaking Mr. Binley's hand vigorously. "You're a hero if ever there was one. A man of your age——"

"That's all right," said Mr. Binley modestly. "I—I'm glad you got them." He eyed the two men with disfavour. "Filthy thugs," he said sturdily.

Then a thought struck him, and he made a gesture of alarm."

"Good heavens!" he gasped, and fumbled for his watch. "How far are we from the town?"

"About five miles," said the policeman.

A look of despair crept into Mr. Binley's eyes. "I don't know *what* my wife will say. She sent me most urgently to the grocer's with a note to say that our bacon ration hadn't been included in the parcel, and now the shops are closed, and to-morrow is Sunday."

"Bacon?" said the soldier, and, looking at the policeman, coughed meaningly.

The policeman awoke to the urgent necessity of transferring his prisoners to the car, and Mr. Binley found himself being led up to the rear of the lorry, where the soldier drew aside the tarpaulin curtains to expose several whole sides of bacon.

"G-good gracious me," stammered Mr. Binley. "I haven't seen so much meat for ages."

Then he watched the soldier produce a sharp knife, cut away a choice section of several pounds and wrap it in a piece of newspaper, and somehow found it under his arm and himself being led round to the police car.

"We'll give you a lift home, sir," said the policeman, studiously keeping his eyes off the bulky parcel beneath Mr. Binley's arm.

"That's very kind of you," said Mr. Binley. "In fact you are all very kind." His voice held the warmth of one who realises that the end of his troubles are within sight.

"Good luck, mate," shouted the soldier, and Mr. Binley waved to him as the car gathered speed.

The prisoners were delivered at the police station with a brief explanation, during which Mr. Binley was told that in due course he would have to appear as a witness but that he wasn't to worry about it, and then the car wafted him homewards.

It drew up smartly before the gate of *Mon Repos* and decanted a somewhat flustered Mr. Binley, whose renewed attempts at gratitude were cut short by a friendly wave of the hand.

"It's a pleasure," said the policeman. And, as the car turned, he leaned over the side. "We'll let you know when we want you," he called.

MR BINLEY watched the car recede down the road and swing smartly round the corner, then he turned, still clutching his awkward parcel, to find his wife awaiting him at the open door.

"Ah, there you are, my dear," he said with nervous geniality.

Mrs. Binley was unmoved by the announcement.

"Have you got yourself into trouble with the police, Herbert?" she asked grimly.

"N-no, my dear," said Mr. Binley hurriedly. "You see—"

"Didn't I hear them say they wanted you?"

"N-no. Yes. You see, Matilda—"

"Where's your hat, Herbert?"

Mr. Binley passed a vague hand over his bald crown. He had forgotten all about the hat until that moment.

"I—I'm afraid I've lost it," he said unhappily.

Mrs. Binley sniffed. "Or had it swept off in a common brawl," she suggested. "What's that horrible looking parcel under your arm?"

Mr. Binley eagerly handed over his treasure and followed his wife into the hall, closing the door behind him. Mrs. Binley led the way to the kitchen, where she peeled off the wrapping of greasy newspaper.

There was a minute of swollen silence, then she swung slowly round on her husband.

"Herbert," she said with awful distinctness. "Have you stolen this bacon?"

The smile of modest achievement which Mr. Binley had prepared for the occasion collapsed under the impact.

"G-good heavens, no," he stammered. "I—I got it—"

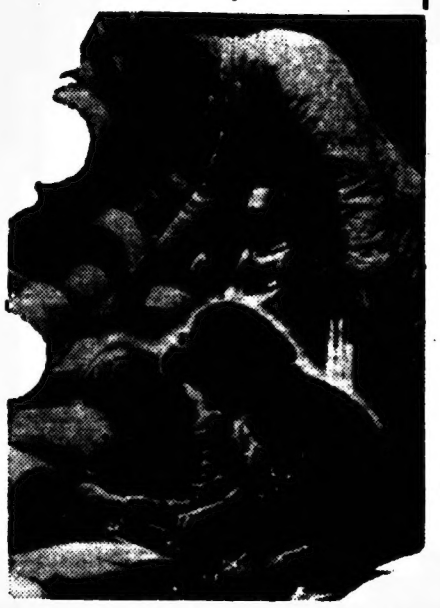
"Well!" The word, coming through compressed lips, bore several possible and unpleasant constructions.

Mr. Binley construed it as a warning not to dither.

"Perhaps I'd better explain the whole thing," said Mr. Binley. "It seems a bit involved. . . ."

HUMANIST, focussing his microscope on an old problem, springing up in new ways these days, picks out three letters from his big postbag which all reveal that

Boredom is the Devil's Busy Fifth Column!



We have to be robots for so many hours a day in order to be our real selves for the rest of the time

IN an outburst of sarcasm Lord Byron said that humanity could be divided into classes—the bores and the bored.

The conditions of civilised life are responsible for a great deal of maddening boredom, and it is this which sends many decent people wrong. This is particularly true in war time.

This letter is typical of scores which reach me every week:

I have been married fourteen years (*writes a soldier*), **and I love my wife and children very deeply. I missed them terribly when I first joined up and had a miserable sort of existence for months.**

Then, in a moment of weakness, I met a girl and allowed myself to get friendly.

After a few weeks, finding that the girl was beginning to care for me, I realised what I was doing, and I told her the truth. I also told my wife. She said she quite understood, and forgave me.

When I went on leave a short time afterwards I met my wife arm-in-arm with another man. There was a violent quarrel, but she promised to give it up. I now learn that she is still in touch with him. He is ten years younger than she is and below average in intelligence.

She wants me to divorce her and let her take the two children.

In spite of everything I still love my wife and am willing to forgive her.

Please tell me what to do.

It might be possible to divorce her, but I don't think she would be allowed to have the custody of the children. She would not be regarded as a "fit and proper person."

No doubt the husband is prejudiced against his rival, but if the latter is ten years younger than the wife such an alliance is not likely to last.

I don't think the husband would be wise to sue for a divorce.

* * *

ANOTHER letter comes from a man who is doing work of national importance in a factory:

The terrible monotony of this life (*he exclaims*). **I am working long hours at a repetitive job which requires no thought or imagination. I watch the machine going through the same motions endlessly for weeks on end.**

If I were a woman I believe I should scream at it.

When we get away from it we do the stupidest things for relief, betting on horses and dogs we never see, reading the most ridiculous "tripe," talking inanities. We are too stupefied to do any clear thinking or to talk intelligently.

A similar letter has reached me from a girl who works in an office:

I am just part of the machinery (*she says*), **and I do nothing beyond typing letters all day. I wouldn't mind if they were interesting or varied; but the work is all the same.**

It is all so footling and futile. Here am I, at the age of twenty-one, enslaved to a machine all day, when life might be so full of wonderful experiences.

I have a craving to see beautiful places, to meet interesting people, to live life to the full. But I have to waste my hours in this depressing office. Don't you think it is all wrong?

I think the answer to both these readers is the same:

We all have to take a share in doing the world's work in return for our daily bread. We have to be robots for so many hours a day in order to be our real selves for the rest of the time.

Now that work is highly specialised it is bound to be monotonous. The most obvious escape from its deadening effects is to do some creative work for our own satisfaction.

The whole problem of our artificial existence will undoubtedly have to be tackled by adult education.

* * *

HERE is a young mother's complaint:

My baby is four months old (*she writes*), **and we both love him dearly. But I also love my husband as much as ever. Frankly, I still want him to regard me as his sweetheart.**

But he has settled down to the old-married-man type. He greets me with a kiss when returning from work plus one "good-night" kiss. That is my ration for the day!

I don't think any wife likes to be "taken for granted." The old subject of boredom again! Boredom—the devil's fifth column!

British husbands have a reputation for being unsatisfactory lovers. They are too self-conscious to make pretty speeches and pay elegant compliments. They neglect the little courtesies which mean so much.

Men and women have a different scale of values. What a man thinks all-important a woman regards as a trifle, and *vice-versa*.

Each has to study the other's point of view before they can arrive at a real understanding.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

RUSSIA HAS BUILT A RICH EMPIRE OUT OF ICE

By A. P. Luscombe Whyte

THERE is one vast area of the U.S.S.R. which Hitler's legions will certainly not succeed in invading during the next few months—the great new "Arctic Empire," which stretches for thousands of miles along the frozen coasts of the Arctic Ocean.

British ships carrying supplies to the far northern ice-free port of Archangel will skirt the western outskirts of this "Empire," and with the coming of next Spring they will penetrate to the big modern ports which have sprung up all along the Arctic coastline.

The development of this vast area was, and still is, one of the greatest feats of exploration, pioneering and engineering skill of this century.

Ten years ago it was an empty, frozen waste, trodden only by a few nomadic Laplanders. To-day the U.S.S.R. is drawing a heavy flow of vital raw materials from hundreds of mines and wells which have been sunk well north of the Arctic Circle.

Gold has been found at many points. In the Kolyma region, just on the Circle, the mines surpass those of old Alaska for richness. Hundreds of miles of wide, concrete roads have been built to exploit these strikes.

60 m.p.h. Over the Snow!

A journey which took a month in 1932 can now be covered in two days. During the winter the miners travel by cars fitted with "tank tractors," or in propeller-driven "aero-sleds" which skim over the snow or ice at 60 m.p.h.!

These Arctic gold strikes have already helped to put Russia second only to the British Empire as a gold-producer, and experts believe that gold reserves of unimaginable wealth still remain to be found beneath the Arctic Russian snows.

Coal is now being mined in many parts of the Arctic, and shafts have actually been driven out beneath the ocean to tap seabed seams.

Rich oil wells feed the world's most northern refinery. Platinum, silver, nickel, copper and asbestos are all being mined in ever-increasing quantities—and now help to feed the Russian war effort.

These mines are safe from Hitler's bombers and *panzers*.

A few years ago Russia had to import vast quantities of phosphates. But her geologists found a vast deposit, estimated at 1,000 million tons, near the Arctic settlement of Kirovsk.

Within months a new town had sprung up, and soon 50,000 people were living in a modern city, with flats, hospitals, schools, concrete roads, cinemas. For them science has taken the sting out of a winter night which lasts for six months, and temperatures which drop to "forty below."

Threatened by Nazis

Unfortunately, Kirovsk is on the Kola Peninsula, which is threatened by the Nazis from north Finland. But it is about the only one of the new Arctic cities within close reach of Hitler.

The new Arctic Empire has not been built up without tremendous cost and human exertion.

Every year for years a score or more of expeditions were sent out by plane and on foot. Russia's most eminent geologists, meteorologists, hydrographers and mining, fishing and soil experts gladly risked their lives. More than £20,000,000 was spent on these expeditions alone.

Great hardships were endured by those who had to build these new towns at a tremendous pace before winter set in.

Settlers of the Tiksi Bay colony—now a thriving town—were threatened with death by cold when shiploads of lumber were blocked by an early freeze-up of the Lena river. But they collected driftwood, built makeshift refuges, and survived the Arctic gales.

British sailors who visit Tiksi next Spring will find a modern port and town, which shows no trace of the frozen wilderness of a few years ago.

A New World

The war has not slowed Russian building or exploration in their vast Arctic and sub-Arctic regions. It has a future of immense promise Not only as a treasure-house of minerals, so far barely scratched, but as a new colony which will eventually support, they believe, up to 400,000,000 people.

Health-giving qualities of the clear Arctic air are now fully realised—and new types of vegetables and fruit which will ripen in these high latitudes have been specially bred to supply the colonists. Chains of windmill electric generators have been built to produce heating for gigantic hot-houses.

Russian anthropologists believe that Arctic Russia may provide them with vivid new chapters in the history of man. For the intense cold and dryness acts as a sort of "refrigerator" which preserves bodies indefinitely.

Giant mammoths which died 80,000 years ago have been dug up—so perfectly preserved that their flesh has been eaten. Seeds and parasites, taken from their bodies, have actually been revived and studied.

Planted, the seeds have grown as they would have grown in days long before the first civilisation.

Scientists are now hoping to find perfectly preserved specimens of the primitive men who roamed these parts.

To Hitler such research may appear pointless—unless the men can be proved to have been of "Germanic" type.

But to science Hitler appears only as a passing and unpleasant phenomenon.

A BETTER DAY

DO things look pretty dark and grim up and down your way? Has everything that could go wrong crowded down your day? Has everything piled up until you feel that you will break? Have you given every ounce you've got, and still no headway make?

DO things seem doomed not to come right? Are Hope's bright avenues blocked with the débris of despair 'neath the welter of bad news? Do you feel as if you can't go on, that Life holds nothing more? But Life is never quite like that. There's always God's Open Door.

DO you feel that you've been beaten down till you're sick in mind and soul? Has Death and Disaster split your world till you can't find your self-control? But when there's no more human help, the Unfailing Friend waits there; and He will hold the Lamp of Love high above your way, and lead your wounded soul into a NEW AND BETTER DAY.

J. M.

Husbands don't TALK about it . . .

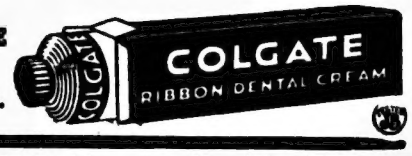
They should, of course, if their wives have bad breath. But they rarely do. That's why many a charming woman is unconsciously undermining her happiness. Carelessness about bad breath is such a dangerous yet common fault. Even you may be guilty of it.

Remember, dentists say that Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam which delves right into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clear away decaying food particles and stops those odour breeding deposits that cause much bad breath.

TESTS SHOW THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.

Change to Colgate's and see how that penetrating foam makes your mouth feel clean and refreshed. Watch how your teeth grow brighter, more sparkling! You'll love its flavour, too. It's quite the nicest way to conquer bad breath.

THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE
3 sizes, 7½d., 1/1, 1/10½d.
Including Tax



THE LAST LAUGH

MISS C. (Maidstone). — "I walked five miles back into town the other evening." For goodness sake!

J. G. (Chelsea).—"Burglars, who broke into my house, took away valuable furs, money and food." We trust, however, that your packet of cigarettes was not touched.

K. H. (Claygate).—"Two men in the room were fighting with chairs and I wanted to make peace between them, but couldn't." There wasn't another chair in the place?

S. H. (Pirbright).—"I'm very interested in things culinary, and people's tastes in regard to food. What, for instance, is your favourite dinner?" A big one.

M. R. (Ilfracombe).—"Do you agree that it is not easy to learn to swim?" Well, we know a young lady who has been taught by nine different boys and she still wants further lessons.

C. P. (Essex).—"Business was so bad that my only customer for a week was a little girl who asked for an empty box." Did you give her the till?

A. F. (Cambridge).—"I dashed from the scrum, passed half a dozen opponents and threw myself over the line." And then realised that you had forgotten to take the ball with you?

SANDY (Maidenhead).—"I am saving money by living in a riverside bungalow in a district that is often flooded." All the same, you'll probably have to push the boat out occasionally now.

C. K. (Normanton).—"I wonder why one seldom sees a girl crying nowadays?" Probably because it's so difficult to obtain face powder.

D. F. (Northampton).—"What on earth can one give a woman to make her happy and contented?" Her own way.

Mrs. W. (Southwell).—"My husband takes a great interest in my musical studies. Now that I have made progress at the piano, he is encouraging me to learn the clarinet." See letter below.

A. W. (Southwell).—"I have prevailed upon my wife to take up the clarinet instead of the piano. At least she can't sing at the same time." See letter above.

W. L. (Chester).—"A girl I know is wanted by the police." One in our office is wanted by the fireman and a couple of sailors as well.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I see now what them things on yer flag stands for! The sickle to take everythin' away afore the Jerries gets there, and the hammer to crack 'em on the 'ead with when they do"

A. P. (Felixstowe).—"My wife is a clever ventriloquist." You must be amazed sometimes to hear yourself suggest that she really should have a new hat.

DOCTOR (East Coast). — "The patient said she was very nervous as it was her first operation, and I told her I quite understood her feelings." Was it your first operation as well?

T. H. (Finchley).—"Do you know where I eat with my wealthy fiancée?" Right out of her hand, we should imagine.

D. K. (Reading).—"My office boy didn't seem at all rebuffed when I asked him if he knew he was late four times last week." He proudly pointed out that he wasn't a clock-watcher?

V. O. (Northwich).—"What is growing in your garden at the present time?" Our disappointment.

G. E. (Mountain Ash).—"Do you think trying to keep young makes some women look old?" That depends upon how many they are trying to keep.

R. N. (Putney).—"We were playing chess in the railway carriage and were very annoyed when two other passengers kept opening both windows." They preferred draughts.

GREATEST OF THESE

● After serving in the Boer War and the Great War, Charles Christopher built up a successful business connection.

But now he is a chronic invalid suffering from a combination of complaints, largely aggravated by air raids and nerve-racking war conditions under which elderly people suffer most.

Recently his only child was killed in a road accident. His wife has had to give up work through sciatica.

The latest report from Mr. Christopher's doctor states that the only way he can safely attempt to do any business is by using an invalid motor tricycle or a hand-propelling tricycle. Also, a pair of surgical boots is an absolute necessity.

Will you send a donation to assist this man, who is desperately anxious to carry on as soon as he is well enough to do so?

Donations earmarked "Better Days," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Donations to our Fund are not subjected to deductions, all administration expenses being borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Side-Slips

THE NORTHERN ECHO:—"Jarrow's SAVAGE return to the end of March was last night reported to be £741."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"Leicester's beer supply is to be CURTAINED."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST: — "Birthday celebrations were on a war time scale. One FLAG only, the Union Jack, was unfurled in the High Street."

Result of "BULLETS" 1,292

FIRST PRIZE £50.

S. J. Mansfield, 7, Rudolph Road, Holden, Essex.
Example: SOONER OR LATER
Bullet: TRAMP! TRAMP! UPLIFTING "TRAMPLED."

£20: W. A. Neave, 16, The Crescent, New Southgate.
Example: Rest Winter
Bullet: Ally? Stop That "Drift"!

£10: A. Cale, 64, Wellesley Road, Harrow, Middx.
Example: Man To Man Leaves Of
Bullet: Sheepish Intents Being. *To-morrow!*

£5: Mrs. A. Menzies, 20, Haig Ave., Kirkcaldy, Fife.
Real Whisky—Pure—If Pure, This

£4: H. R. Cox, Seaside, Sandy Lane, Tilford, Surrey.
Where Hitler Repeats!—Consternation, Found Constant Notice.

£2: W. A. Northcott, G.P.O. Writer, R.N., 9, Vicarage Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth.
Through The Glands—Reduce "Dropping Our Leads."

£2: J. L. Burton, 76, Newport Lane, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.
To Help The Forces—Have "Thrust"—Less "Pressing."

20s.: Mrs. C. H. Stringer, 9, Marler Road, S.E.23
Success Or Failure—Bad Won't Full Successor.

20s.: F. Harris, 3, Wren Road, Oxford.
When The Boys Come Home—"Mother? For Demobbed Yet!"

20s.: G. Keates, 66, Sunnyside Gardens, Upminster Essex.
Ought To Be Barred—Barring Tommies Saloon Bars.

20s.: Mrs. H. Williams, 56, Broad Lane, West Derby Liverpool.
Shabby Trick—Suggesting "Gangsters" Row. Limbaugh's.

20s.: H. Harris, Aerodrome Lodge, Cain's Lane, Feltham.
Shows He's Getting Fags—Wife's Maiden Blushes Again!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s., 20 Winners of 5s. and 40 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES

WON ON X-WORD No. 244

WINNING WORDS:—1. Traded. 2. Hop or Sea. 3. Spain. 4. Mean. 5. Fears or Tires. 6. Trust. 7. Tap. 8. Pool. 9. Rue. 10. Heads. 11. Shoot. 12. Wit. 13. Tram. 14. Goth.

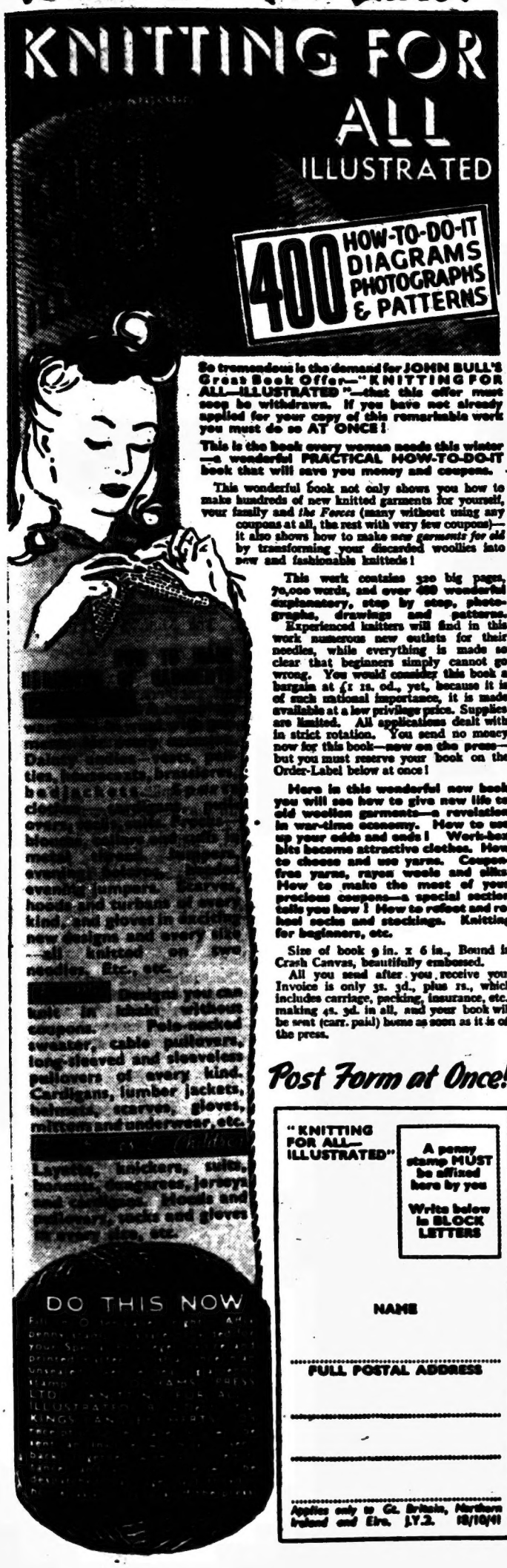
£100 Shares:—A. E. Hirst, 22, Hardcastle Road, Colindale, Manchester; W. Oakford, 28, Greenfield Drive, Oldville, Leicester.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 11 entrants.

THIS WEEK'S OFFERS, WITH PRIZES VALUE OVER £250, AWAIT YOU ON OPPOSITE PAGE

JOHN BULL'S GREAT WARTIME BOOK OFFER

Don't Be Too Late!



So tremendous is the demand for JOHN BULL'S Great Book Offer—"KNITTING FOR ALL—ILLUSTRATED"—that this offer must soon be withdrawn. If you have not already applied for your copy of this remarkable work you must do so AT ONCE!

This is the book every woman needs this winter—a wonderful PRACTICAL HOW-TO-DO-IT book that will save you money and coupons.

This wonderful book not only shows you how to make hundreds of new knitted garments for yourself, your family and *the Forces* (many without using any coupons at all, the rest with very few coupons)—it also shows how to make *new garments for old* by transforming your discarded woollies into new and fashionable knittedsl

This work contains 320 big pages, 70,000 words, and over 400 wonderful explanatory, step by step, photographs, drawings and patterns.

Experienced knitters will find in this work numerous new outlets for their needles, while everything is made so clear that beginners simply cannot go wrong. You would consider this book a bargain at £1 1s. od., yet, because it is of such national importance, it is made available at a low privilege price. Supplies are limited. All applications dealt with in strict rotation. You send no money now for this book—now on the press—but you must reserve your book on the Order-Label below at once!

Here in this wonderful new book you will see how to give new life to old woollen garments—a revelation in war-time economy. How to use up your odds and ends! Worn-out bits become attractive clothes. How to choose and use yarns. Coupon-free yarns, rayon wools and silks. How to make the most of your precious coupons—a special section tells you how! How to refoot and re-heel socks and stockings. Knitting for beginners, etc.

Size of book 9 in. x 6 in., Bound in Crash Canvas, beautifully embossed.

All you send after you receive your Invoice is only 3s. 3d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making 4s. 3d. in all, and your book will be sent (carr. paid) home as soon as it is off the press.

Post Form at Once!

"KNITTING FOR ALL—ILLUSTRATED"

A penny stamp MUST be affixed here by you

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

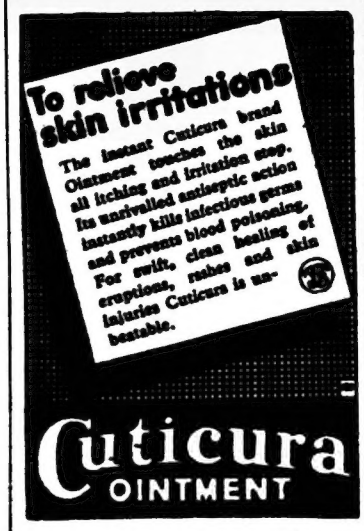
Applies only to Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.V.2. 18/10/41

Little David Caught a Cold

SIMPLE HOME MADE COUGH-CURE

Little David caught a cold at school and gave it to his Sister Joan. She passed it on to Mummy and then Daddy got it too. Well, here is a recipe for a medicine that will prevent coughs and colds running right through the family. These are the directions. Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: A little sugar, or syrup or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. For children use a teaspoon. The Parmint (Double Strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES
IN THE WEEKLY WALLET
THE BLADES LAST LONGER
★
Makers also of
STEAD SILVER STEEL
RAZOR BLADES


To relieve skin irritations
The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable.
Cuticura
OINTMENT

Why a Woman Should Take a Twofold Laxative!

A woman is built differently from a man. Some medicines are all right for both sexes, but most women need a laxative which tones up the liver, as well.

And there is one known by chemists as Karmoid. Karmoid has the twofold action every woman needs. Its first purpose is gently to clear away the impurities and poisonous wastes which clog the blood, spoil the complexion and ruin health. Its second, to tone up and stimulate the liver to do its essential work.

You will be surprised at the wonderful effect of the combined action. One little pleasant-tasting Karmoid Tablet at night will help any woman to face the day's work and anxiety with a light heart, cheerful, bright and full of spirits all the time.

Get a box of Karmoid at your chemist. Only 1/6d. a box or Family size 3/6d. Get some now before you forget.

LOSE YOURSELF in COMPETITIONS—and WIN!

£125 FOR THIS XWORD — ONE WEEK ONLY! — £100 IN PRIZES — RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 244, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study these carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 248

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d. Entry-fee for 1 Col.			3d.	3d.	3d.
Average mother gladly goes without something to give child this			OY			
To take one without thinking carefully is asking for trouble	BRI		E			
Sportsman who drinks heavily is likely to cause a crugger in	RIN					
Average can should make more money now	SP					
Lad who gets himself into a mess may get this from father	HEL					
Barber always talking about racing is likely to give some customers this			IP			
By candid to avoid unsuitable one in the case of an invalid	TO		IC			
Vegetarians shudder a few nuts and grass mixed-up as this	MEA					
May threaten our defences in the Far East			AP			
Some gardeners make scientific use of this	MOU		D			
It might be difficult to get rid of pre-arranged one	LI		P			
To do this foolishly may land you in for heavy costs	GA		BLE			
It's unlikely a mess can put himself into another's shoes unless he's this			IT			
One is generally wise to leave off this before it becomes threadbare		C	AT			

FREE ENTRIES

Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., OCT. 27.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xword First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per three Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. M.P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated November 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 IN BULLETS — £50 — £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 — 30/- 29/- 28/- 27/- 26/- 3/- 2/6 — 30 of 5/- 60 of 2/6 1000 2nd Prizes

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*.

WINSTON WANTS
BRITAIN'S STORY
SPREADING
DEADLY WEAPON
AT LIGHTNING SPEED
IN THE DUST-BIN
GENERAL WINTER
STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE
TO ESCAPE
KISSING THE DUST
ABOVE THE DIN

RIGHT OR WRONG
SHROUDED IN SECRECY..
ONCE TOO OFTEN
FREEDOM OF THE SEAS
GALLANT FIGHT
CAUSE OF THE RISING
THE FIRE GUARDS
NOT ENOUGH
HER BOY'S IN THE ARMY, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

SHADOW OF.....
NOT TO BE.....
CIVILIZATION'S.....
VICTORY FOR.....
ALL WE.....
WON'T STOP.....

BULLETS 1,282 RESULT Appears on page 14

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

Plain paper entry equally eligible. I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

1,296 Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 27

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,296 — or Xword No. 248, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.

TWO NEST-EGGS INSTEAD OF ONE

There is a form of saving that makes your money grow without your lifting a finger — National Savings Certificates.

They do two things — first they grow in value from 15/- to 20/6 in ten years — **and secondly there is no Income Tax to pay on this increase in their value.** So you make a *double* saving.

Make sure now — in these days when there's no satisfaction in spending money — that you build up a nice little sum for the days when we've at last put the V into Victory.

Think of it — and buy

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

The "No Trouble" Investment

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

Fynnon Salt

stops Lumbago 'when all else fails'

Wash away your rheumatic acids and your pain and stiffness will vanish. Mr. P. W. says: "*Having had pain in the small of my back for the last six months I tried nearly everything for a cure—but failed. I had only to step from the pavement to the road a bit rashly when a stabbing pain would run up my back. Then I read of Fynnon. Am now on my third tin and must say I am, and feel, better. My pains were indescribable. I cannot praise Fynnon Salt enough.*"

To wash away your rheumatic acids start taking Fynnon to-day! Large tin 1/5 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. *(Including Purchase Tax).*

TRY A FORTNIGHT ON FYNNON

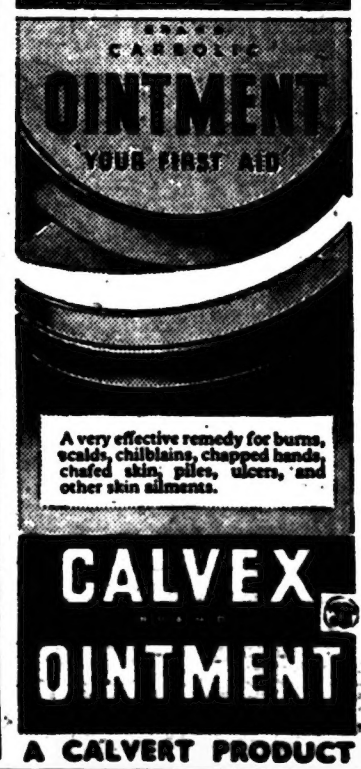
Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex

Your Chemist recommends—

CALVEX

BOOTS CARBOLIC OINTMENT

'YOUR FIRST AID'



A very effective remedy for burns, scalds, chilblains, chapped hands, chafed skin, piles, ulcers, and other skin ailments.

CALVEX OINTMENT

A CALVERT PRODUCT

Let's talk about

MILK

What will happen, now the new milk scheme has started?

You'll probably get much the same as you did before. The winter shortage of liquid milk hasn't really begun and any small reductions we have to make will be to see that expectant mothers and children are receiving the milk they need. But cuts will come gradually, and even then they won't hurt because—

Because of this Condensed Milk we've all heard about?

Precisely! As liquid milk begins to run shorter, the Ministry of Food will "make-up" the supply with full-cream unsweetened condensed milk.

How much will there be?

As much as will keep the total milk supply, liquid-plus-condensed, what it is now.

Tell me, what is the object of the scheme?

That's easy. It's a great insurance scheme to guard the interest of those who need milk most. You can't be too careful in war-time. A harder winter than usual would mean less liquid milk than the average, a stiffer turn in the Battle of the Atlantic might mean less condensed milk. Again, a shortage of some other foodstuff might make a bigger run on milk (already we are consuming very much more than before the war). The Ministry of Food is taking no chances.

No chances of what?

No chances of the expectant mothers, children and invalids — the "priority classes" — going below what the Doctors say is the minimum they need. And there is nothing to stop them from getting more when the dairyman can spare it.

But suppose everybody wants still more milk?

That's possible, and after all our supplies are not unlimited, even with the large stocks of condensed milk which the United States is sending us. But the priority classes must always have first claim; even if some of us adults who are big milk drinkers have to take a little less.

Then this isn't a scheme to save milk?

No, it's a scheme to save children.

And adults too won't be left short?

Certainly not, but it must be "fair shares" all round. There may be local variations here and there as compared with what some adults are having at present; but when the cows give less, the tins will give more. Not so convenient perhaps, but just as good and no dearer.

Food Facts No. 62. *Issued by The Ministry of Food, London, W.1*

For Blood, Veins Arteries and Heart

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of '*Elasto*,' *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.* Get a supply from your chemist or write for a Free Sample and Booklet.

'ELASTO' (Dept. 1538), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

'*Elasto*' *is sold by Chemists everywhere.*

THE FAMOUS PURPLE DIAMOND

ASK YOUR REPAIRER FOR

DRI-PED LEATHER

If your repairer cannot supply Dri-ped, write to Dri-ped Ltd., Rose Hill Tannery, Bolton, Lancs.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

Although, like other foods, Silvikrin is 'rationed' and your chemist and hairdresser may not have as large a stock as usual, supplies are distributed as evenly as possible.

A little Silvikrin does a great deal of good — keeps scalp healthy and roots nourished. Be wise! Save your hair by feeding it with Silvikrin.

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